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Britain's Gamble in the Balkans

By WILLSON WOODSIDE
SEE PAGE TWELVE

SATURDAY NIGHT

TEN CENTS
VOL 56, NO. 31

APRIL 12
TORONTO, 1941

"... THE BRITISH CIVILIAN IS BEING ASSAULTED IN THIS WAR WITH MUCH GREATER VIOLENCE THAN THE SOLDIER WAS IN THE LAST ONE." THE STORY IS ON PAGE 4

AN INTERESTING suggestion was made by Col. Drew in his speech in the budget debate in the Ontario Legislature last week. He was discussing the famous full-page advertisement inserted in a large number of the newspapers of the province after the collapse of the Sirois Conference, and containing selections from the stenographic record of the proceedings leading to that collapse, omitting the more offensive of the remarks of the Ontario premier and the more effective of the observations of those who opposed his attitude. "The Provincial Auditor," said Col. Drew, "should refuse to approve the payment of this account and insist upon receiving a personal cheque for that amount (\$23,956.17) from the premier who ordered this personal advertisement to be inserted in the papers of the province." It sounds like a good idea.

In 1934 the present premier of Ontario won his way to that position by denouncing in the most picturesque and unqualified terms the extravagance of the Henry Government, and particularly what he described as the expenditures on personal account of some of its members, notably those expenditures connected with the use of government motor-cars. One of his first acts, it will be remembered, was to hold a public auction of the motor-cars which had been used by the members of the former Government and various high provincial officials. That these expenditures had been on a scale which was susceptible of curtailment was undoubtedly true. But if they were curtailed—and we have yet to be convinced that the expenditure of government money on the motor transportation of members of the Cabinet is much less than it was in the days of Mr. Henry—plenty of other extravagances have sprung up to take their place. The annual taxation has increased by 100 per cent between 1931 and 1941, and at the same time the net debt—debt not represented by revenue-producing assets—has increased by 27 millions a year under the Hepburn administration. Much of this money, both borrowed and raised by taxation, has been spent on unnecessary purposes.

Under ordinary peacetime conditions this sort of thing can be partially defended on the ground of the expanding needs of the country. It cannot be so defended in time of war. Nobody has been more ardent in attacking the Dominion Government on the ground that it has been too slow in appreciating the necessi-

ties of defence than Mr. Hepburn. But Mr. Hepburn's own Government has been slower than anybody else in adjusting itself to the new situation. At a time when everybody is trying to eliminate unnecessary expenditures in order to have the wherewithal to pay the tremendous taxes which the Dominion Government, responsible for defence, is compelled to lay upon us, the province of Ontario has been increasing its expenditures, is still increasing them, and shows no sign of willingness to consider methods of reducing them.

Income Tax and Houses

OUR recent reference to the illogicality of the failure of the income tax to tax a man on the estimated income value of his own house when occupied by himself has led to protests, with which we can fully sympathise, from many owners who point out that this procedure is no more illogical than the tax error

on the other side, by which they in too many cases are heavily burdened with the cost of unemployment relief (past as well as present) which is no proper concern of a municipality or of the property owners thereof. Others appear to have thought that we were proposing to add to the assessed income of the owner the whole of the estimated rental of the owner-occupied property, without allowance for the taxes, fire insurance and repair costs paid out in connection with that property during the taxation year. We had of course no such idea. These are already deductible from the actual rental income when the property is let to somebody else; they would be equally deductible from the estimated rental of owner-occupied property if that were made taxable. That in some cases there would then be no taxable income left we sorrowfully admit; but where there is no taxable income there is no income tax and therefore no ground for complaint.

That the assessment of such income would

in many cases be extremely difficult we also admit. The selling value of a great house is just at present practically nil; its rental value, for occupation by a tenant, is little better. Nevertheless it seems reasonable to presume that if one wealthy citizen elects to put \$50,000 into a residence while another wealthy citizen prefers to put it into bonds, the former regards his investment as producing for him at least \$1,500 per annum in satisfaction, the equivalent of what he would have received from the other form of investment. The present tax system tends rather to the encouragement of the "Jones's Folly" type of rich men's houses, and it is open to question whether that needs any encouragement. On the other hand there are many cases of rich men with fine and noble homes which they place freely at the disposal of all sorts of deserving causes.

Where Is Your Card?

IS THE Dominion Government ashamed of the National Registration which it conducted at very considerable expense of time and money last August? If not, why is no use whatever being made of the results, even in the easiest and most important task of checking up on the movements of suspicious persons? We have been carrying our own personal registration card for just eight months, and have been asked to produce it just no times in that period. Nobody of our acquaintance has ever been asked to produce his card, with the exception of one man whom the police picked up because he was selling a pamphlet of speeches made in the Canadian Parliament, and having subsequently decided that that was a poor sort of charge to lay against him changed it to that of not having his registration card on his person as required by law.

The matter has been brought back to public attention by the arrest of two men who were absent without leave from their Compulsory Training establishments, and who were found to be using registration cards which had never been issued by a properly authorized person. It was not their registration cards that brought them into suspicion, but the fact that they were recognized as persons reported missing from the training camp. They probably regarded their possession of the faked documents as a

(Continued on Page Three)

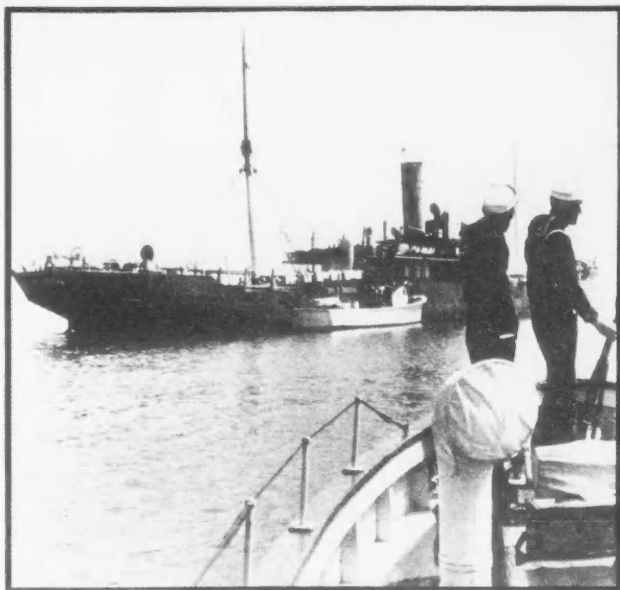
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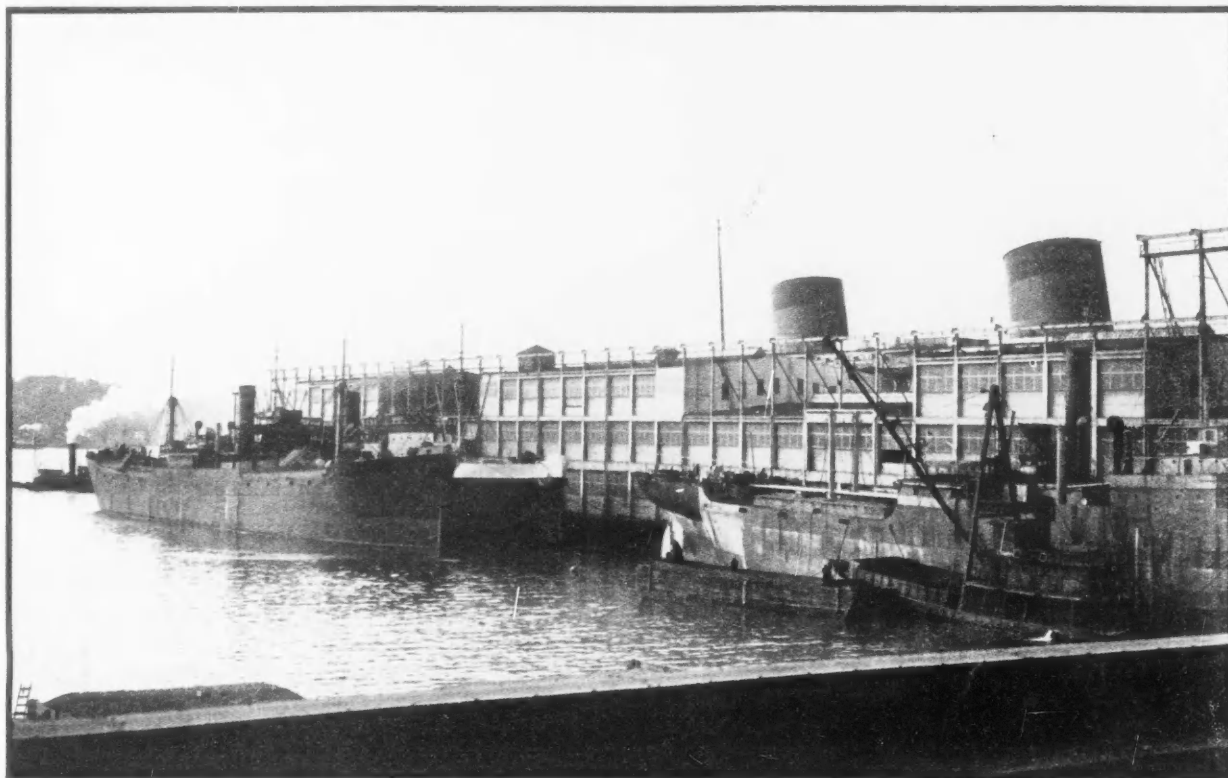
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Hampton Roads, Virginia: 5 Italian ships seized



Latin America grabbed Axis ships at these points



Unmolested French ships. "Normandie's" funnels are seen in background

U.S. AND LATIN AMERICA GRAB AXIS SHIPS

ORDINARILY nations do not destroy their own ships, even when those ships are shut up in foreign ports unless they believe war is near!

Last week thoughtful observers in the United States saw signs of pending open warfare with the Axis. For at Port Newark, N.J., an Italian seaman tattled to customs officials that Italian ships in United States ports were being systematically sabotaged. Word was flashed to President Franklin Roosevelt who was vacationing on the yacht *Potomac*. Back came the order to seize all German and Italian ships to prevent further damage being done them; to take all Danish ships into custody.

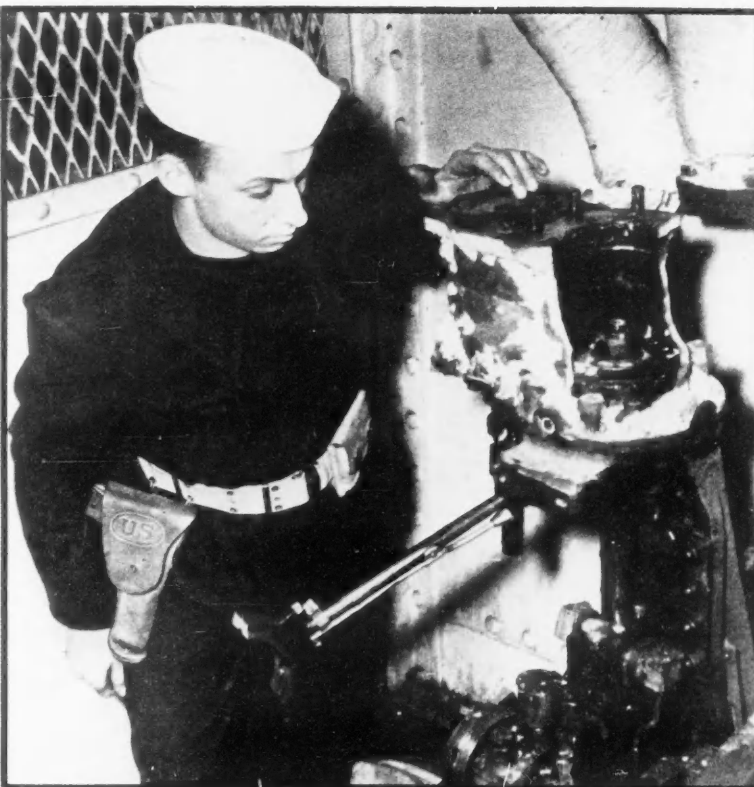
As the United States moved swiftly to seize 28 Italian, 2 German and 36 Danish ships, having a total tonnage of 300,000, Latin America was quick to follow suit. Mexico ordered protective custody for 2 ships at Vera Cruz and 10 more at Tampico; at San Juan in Puerto Rico, an Italian tanker was sabotaged; at Puerto Cabello, Venezuela, 4 ships were set afire and the scuttling of 3 others was prevented; at Guayaquil, Ecuador, a German ship burned; at Callao, Peru, 2 German ships burned; and at Paita, Peru, a German ship was scuttled.

As the Axis partners sent strong protests to the U.S. government demanding that the ships be released, Acting U.S. Treasury Secretary Herbert Earle Gaston pointed to Section I of Title II of the Espionage Act of June 15, 1917, which authorizes the seizure of foreign ships to prevent "damage or injury to any harbor or waters of the U.S."

To Dr. Hans Thomsen, German Charge d'Affaires, Secretary of State Hull sent a message which read in part: "I know of no principle of international law which permits the masters or crews of vessels of a country which have sought refuge in or entered the ports of another country which have sought refuge in or entered the ports of another of the hospitality which they have been permitted to enjoy". Clearly

Axis protests meant little to the U.S. government.

Seizure of the Axis ships came on the eve of what many believed would be an announcement that the U.S. intended to convoy aid-to-Britain ships halfway across the Atlantic. One thing President Roosevelt's orders had done: foiled a plot to put out of commission all Axis ships in American waters in order that they might not be used to carry aid to Britain. The question as the week ended was how long Adolf Hitler would tolerate increasing U.S. intervention in World War II without taking active reprisals.



Damaged pumps in the German freighter "Pauline" in Boston harbor.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

A Canadian Tribute to Paul Teleki

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

COUNT PAUL TELEKI is dead. This great Prime Minister of Hungary has perished by his own hand, and in so doing has thrown a fierce white light of protest on the dark policies of Nazi Germany in Central Europe.

Count Teleki was a great man in his own right. Professor of Geography in the University of Budapest, Chief Scout (Baden-Powell's opposite number) for Hungary, sometime Minister of Education and Foreign Minister, and twice Prime Minister—this slight, wiry, grey-haired scholar had touched life with distinction at many points. I knew him personally, as a friend, and while I was charmed by his graceful wit and warm goodfellowship, intimacy likewise deepened my admiration for his intellect and character. Like many good Europeans, he could give eloquent public addresses in at least four languages (in his case, Magyar, English, French, and German); but he added to this versatility a solid foundation of principle. He had been a geographer before he became a statesman, and had evolved a sane, far-reaching philosophy of society and life. He believed in an enlightened democracy, in the cultivation of humane values according to national traditions within the framework of a co-operative world. He was no chauvinist; and while he believed, with every Magyar, in the injustices of the Trianon Treaty, he was opposed to policies of violence, and argued, even in the case of his native Transylvania, against the surgeon's knife for so delicate a problem.

COUNT TELEKI was fundamentally pro-British. As a Hungarian patriot, he saw the menace of the Nazi regime and coveted for his country the sympathy of Britain, whose freedom he admired but whose short-sighted Continental policies he had long deplored. Fate was unkind to this friend of England, for

he delivered up his neighbors to the Brown Terror of Berlin and left Hungary at the mercy of its traditional German enemies. Called to the premiership late in 1938, he strove for over two years to prevent the ruin of his country at Nazi hands. Step by step, he was forced into unwilling co-operation with the Axis. Like the Regent, Admiral Horthy, he sought to avoid giving the Nazis an excuse for seizing Hungary and treating it as they had treated Austria and Bohemia, and he sought equally to avoid being so compromised, by sharing in the Nazi war, that future generations would place Hungary under like condemnation with Germany.

April 2, 1941, brought matters to an intolerable crisis. His government had recently signed a pact of friendship and non-aggression with Yugoslavia. Hitler now demanded that the Hungarian army join with the Germans in a vicious attack on the Yugoslavs. To a man of honor, the compulsion was unbearable. Teleki has committed suicide to prove to the world (above all, to Britain and the United States) that Hungary is not capable of Nazi treachery, that death is preferable to that dishonor.

COUNT PAUL TELEKI is as dead a martyr to German tyranny as Kurt von Schuschnigg, Frank Soukup, or Stefan Starzynski. His place is with the Arad martyrs of 1849, for he has sought by his death to vindicate the name of his nation. Hungary has had many enemies, who, not content to proclaim their own authentic woes, have also sought to traduce their neighbor. Their voices will be raised in clamorous accusation when the map of Europe is to be redrawn after this war. Paul Teleki has done what one brave despairing man could do to show the essential integrity of his tragic country. May the world's true interpretation of that act bring peace to his troubled ghost!

WATSON KIRKCOFF, Editor
Hamilton, Ont.

Is Salvage Worth While?

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

I WONDER if you can find some organization that could organize the salvaging of waste that so many people are writing and talking about, and doing nothing about it.

In our own business (the Camera Shop) for instance, there is the wrappings from rolls of films. We have had various organizations ask us to save the silver foil from films; sometimes they call for it and sometimes they don't.

I have inquired of them if it is really worth saving, or is the cost of reclaiming it more than it costs to produce the silver in the first place? No one seems to know, and I guess the same state prevails regarding many other items that might be salvaged. For instance, is there any value to the thousands of empty film spools that are thrown out every day?

Your paper may do a great national service by bringing the lack of organized salvage to the proper place.

NELSON D. MERRIFIELD,
Port Arthur, Ont.

St. Lawrence Waterway

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

IT IS hard to understand why the Government of Canada is willing, now of all times, to enter into an agreement with the Government of the United States to build the St. Lawrence Waterway. It has been for years the aim of the President of the United States to build this waterway and he stubbornly persists in claiming that it is necessary to defence. If his goodwill and cooperation can only be purchased thus, the price is too high.

There will be years ahead in which the mutual interests and needs of the

two countries can be calmly and sanely estimated. Until then this project should wait.

Less indifference, a livelier interest, and a demand by citizens that their two governments work for that great objective for which men today are giving their lives, can prevent the passage of this measure which will divert men, material and money from that goal.

"AN AMERICAN SUBSCRIBER,"
West Roxbury, Mass.

SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

valuable safeguard against detection, and there are probably several thousand persons in Canada going about in the same state of unbecoming confidence. They will continue to do so until a succession of maximum prison sentences for the extremely serious offence of carrying an unauthorized registration card causes a general awakening to the unwisdom of the practice.

We are absolutely confident that the public opinion of all parts of Canada would welcome a vigorous and systematic enforcement of the registration law. We should like to see strict inspection of registration cards at all railway stations and at strategic points on all motor

PONTIUS PILATE SPEAKS

I HOPED to hear, through calls importunate, but yet another sound as moments passed, A sudden clamor at the outer gate To tell me that his friends had come at last.

Where were they all? Why, only days before, They hailed him with hosannas and with palms.

Where was the palsied man who walked once more?

The beggar given sight instead of alms?

Where were the ones who saw their children blest?

The erstwhile lepers free to roam at will? The dead called back as if but waked from rest? The hungry thousands fed upon the hill?

And even as he heard the taunting jeers on that dark morning of a darker day, Peter was wasting precious time in tears And faithless Judas went the coward's way.

I was a ruler sent from other lands. I worshipped other gods. Though I could see No fault in Him, I did but wash my hands And put aside responsibility.

And yet my heart was heavy. Had there been Even a few to shout for his release, I could have told the gentle Nazarene I find you guiltless. Go your way in peace."

So not out, overmuch, the blame on me You who at Easter kneel again to pray, For more than by my indecision, He Was crucified by those who stayed away.

W. J. Mac, Ont.

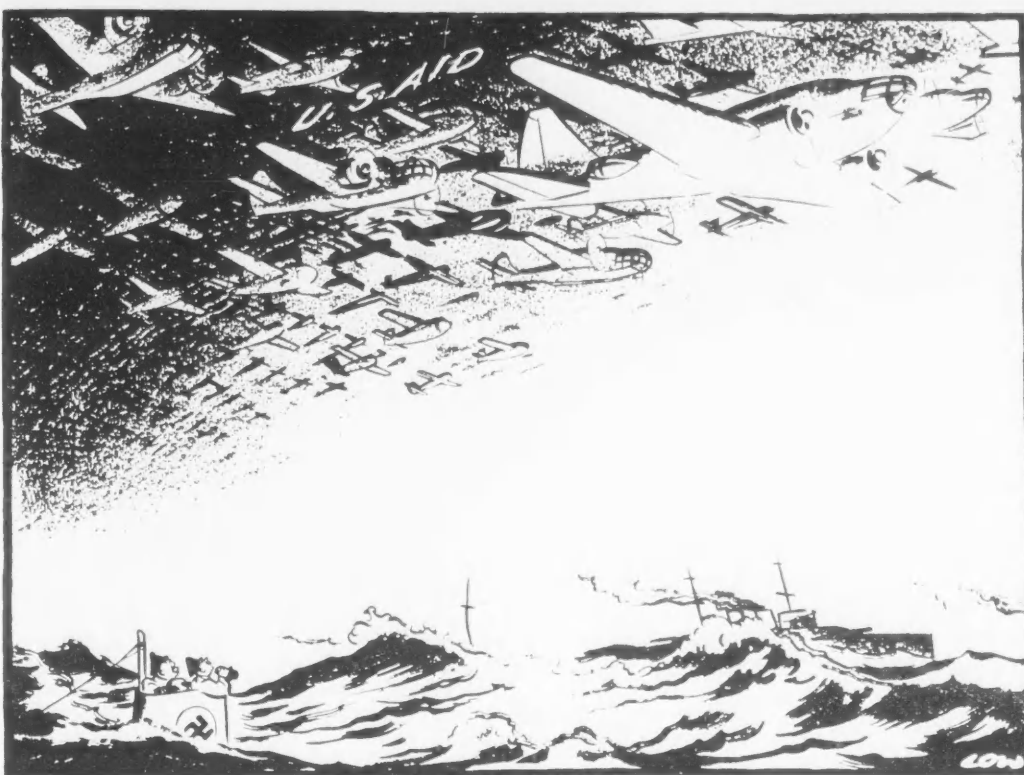
MABEL FRER LOVERIDGE.

ways, and we are confident that while it would add to the labors of the police in the first place it would be of incalculable assistance to them after a few weeks. The question of possible difficulty to visiting tourists from the United States is not serious; practically every such visitor carries on his person fairly convincing evidence of his identity and place of abode, and those who do not must expect to be in the risk of a certain amount of trouble.

We never had much hope of the registration as a means of organizing the nation's economic effort, and therefore we have not been disappointed at its results in that direction. But we did expect something from it in the matter of checking up on suspicious persons, and if we don't get anything in this direction we shall feel that several million dollars are just chucked down the sewer.

Journalism and Politics

IT IS not altogether surprising that the daily press of Canada has paid scant attention to the paper by Mr. W. S. Wallace, Librarian of the University of Toronto, on "The Journalist in Canadian Politics," which appears in the current number of the *Canadian Historical Review*. Mr. Wallace concludes with the observation that the influence of the journalist in the political life of Canada today is less than it was in the days when public men were "made" and "unmade" by the editor of the *Toronto Globe*. He points out that there was not one journalist in the Bennett Cabinet of 1930-31 nor is there one journalist in the present Government of Mr. Mackenzie King. "Even in the provincial Cabinets there is a significant paucity of newspapermen." Candidates can get themselves elected to councils and legislatures without any newspaper support whatever. The reasons for this decline in the in-



BLACK-OUT TIME

fluence of the journalist, Mr. Wallace discreetly observes, "may well be left to the historian of the future to determine." Which of course is entirely true, unless you want to do something about it now.

In one respect Mr. Wallace's information, or judgment, is at fault. He suggests that when Sir John Willison embarked (about 1904) on the enterprise of publishing, with the backing of Sir Joseph Flavelle, an independent evening newspaper in Toronto, "evidently the Canadian public was not yet ready for independent and impartial journalism, or was not ready to believe that it was independent and impartial, for in 1910 the *Toronto News* was compelled to suspend publication." This was not, we suggest, the reason for the failure. That reason is to be found far more in the fact that during these years the evening paper, in cities where there is also a morning paper, was in process of becoming a sort of popular daily magazine, depending far more on comic strips, "features," sensational headlines and breezy writing than on the nature of its presentation of anything in the line of real news. The same process has gone on in London and New York, and every other metropolitan centre, and the great influential evening newspapers of forty years ago in all these cities have given place to—well, to what they have given place to. The Canadian evening newspapers are very entertaining sheets, sometimes intentionally and sometimes not, but it is improbable that they will ever possess the political influence of their predecessors. The best of them are those which have also a morning edition, and while the evening edition may make the money, it is the morning edition which provides the qualities which make for serious influence.

Peace Aims Again

READERS of the *Toronto Globe and Mail* are fortunate in that, in addition to the editorial opinions of that newspaper disparaging all effort to discuss peace aims, they are also permitted, by a wise editorial latitude, to peruse the much more eloquent and convincing arguments of Miss Dorothy Thompson under the heading "Peace Aims Should Be Discussed." These arguments and that heading appeared in the *Globe and Mail* of April 4, unaccompanied, somewhat to our surprise, by any editorial comment to show how wrong Miss Thompson was. Presumably the *Globe and Mail* feels confident that all its readers have been adequately inoculated against the Thompsonian error by its earlier articles on this subject. Or perhaps it feels that while it is all wrong to discuss peace aims it is all right to discuss whether peace aims should be discussed.

"Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few."—Winston Churchill, of Britain's air defenders.

You too can help by buying War Savings Certificates regularly.

THE PASSING SHOW

A CHICKEN thief in Germany has been sentenced to six years. He must have pulled off a veritable chicken coup.

Dr. Dafoe has offered his assistance to any parties of U.S. tourists who may experience difficulty in entering Canada this summer. And if anybody has experience in assisting groups to enter Canada it is Dr. Dafoe.

The Bulgarian army is said to find German domination unpleasant. If this is any surprise to the Bulgarian army, all we can say is that it should have asked the Italian navy about it.

The New York *Herald-Tribune* suggests "War if Necessary" as the slogan for the United States in the present emergency. Or how about "Necessity is the Mother of Intervention"?

According to Mr. Acres of the Ontario Legislature, Mr. Gardiner of the Dominion Government should be fired. According to any Gardiner, Acres should be ploughed.

Queen Wilhelmina has signed a budget to finance the Netherlands war effort. Her subjects mean to make the defeat of the Axis a Dutch Treat.

BLITZRHyme

Thrice armed is he who hath his quarrel just But four times he who gets his counter-attack in fust.

Long air-raids have had the curious effect of increasing the number of readers among the British, but paper shortage means that books cost more and are shorter than before. What they need over there is a good five cent saga.

The Italians are afraid that their countrymen will be the victims of "barbarism" at the hands of the Ethiopians. Subtle. When you shoot it out of a tank it's glorious, but when you attend to it personally it's barbarism.

German-American relations are said to be deteriorating. The Germans have begun to suspect that Col. Lindbergh is not really running America's foreign policy.

A man in Montreal is advertising that he will send advice on How to Keep Your Income Tax Down, for two dollars. When he gets the two dollars he sends a printed card which reads "Keep your income down." The only trouble is that his own income is rising by leaps and bounds.

ODE ON ADDIS ABABA

How doth the busy Ethiop
Grow constantly more skittish.
He draws equipment from the Wop,
Then goes and joins the British.

Italian troops will relieve German garrisons in occupied France, thereby getting another opportunity of showing what a good fight they can put up against an unarmed enemy.

"I do not hesitate to say that five or ten years' experience as a member of this House of Commons is as fine an all-round education in public affairs as any man can obtain." Winston Churchill. We quite agree, but too often just as they get really educated the constituency gets tired of them and throws them out.

Germany declares that the American seizure of German shipping is contrary to international law, thus proving that Germany has been reading up international law again to see if there is anything left that she can violate.

From the way Russia is going ahead signing friendship pacts with everybody we are coming to the conclusion that she hasn't heard there is a war on.

Prairie agriculturists complain that they can't put their wheat land into grass, as Mr. Gardiner wants, because there isn't enough grass seed. Have they tried dandelions?



"TO-DAY IN BRITAIN . . . THE BABIES, THE YOUNG CHILDREN . . . AND THE FEMALE POPULATION . . . ARE EXPOSED TO THE 'FRONT LINE' FURY OF THE ENEMY"

The Germans Are Using Britons As Guinea Pigs!

BY HERBERT A. MOWAT

"THIS time we are all in the front line." This statement of His Majesty the King is packed with tragic and terrific meaning to a far greater extent than Canadians realize. We are too far away to hear the roar of impact of Luftwaffe bombs on British cities and thus have a most inadequate realization of the unprecedented pounding sustained by the civilian population of Britain. The life-destroying agencies of the last war were severe enough in all conscience but they never achieved the high percentage of killed in relation to total casualties that is so characteristic of the bombing raids of this war.

For every soldier killed in battle during the last Great War three were wounded. This ratio was maintained consistently during the four years of fighting. Even in 1918 one battle which lasted one day devastated one Canadian battalion to the extent of 110 killed and 345 wounded. The 1939 campaign in Poland was no exception to this balance in casualties. The figures of the German General Staff reveal the number of Nazi killed to be 10,000 and the total of wounded 30,000. Apparently the toll exacted by modern mechanized field warfare will reproduce the proportion of killed and wounded of the 1914-19 struggle.

The Front Line

The veterans of the last war remember its casualty patterns. Any bombardment which killed one-half of a platoon's strength and wounded the remainder was looked upon as a holocaust of destruction. Yet the equivalent of this seems to be happening in England, Scotland and Wales every day. Take as an example the recent heavy bombardments of Liverpool and Glasgow which reported 1000 killed and 1300 wounded. According to the battlefield standard of the Great War in France these 2300 casualties would have been listed 600 killed and 1700 wounded. The answer is not obscure: the British civilian is being assaulted in this war with much greater violence than the trained soldier was in the last one.

This fact brings to our attention the greatest tragedy of modern times. The bulk of the violence exchanged by opposing armies in the last war was endured by the persons best qualified by age and by medical tests of fitness to take it. Today in Britain the physically unfit, the invalids, the babies, the young



She saved her unconscious child

children, the aged and the entire female population of the country are exposed to the "front line" fury of the enemy. The men who lived in the front line during the last war used to thank God that the people at home were protected from the barbaric stresses of the theatre of war, and one great incentive to fight with invincible zeal to hold the line was the thought that to safeguard wives, sweethearts, children and the aged was worth the effort and the sacrifice.

The nitrates which are the base of the explosives used in this war are no more violent than they were in the last one. The difference is in the fact that the explosives are conveyed to the ultimate consumer in larger chunks. Compared with a one-hundred pound shell a one-hundred pound bomb contains a formidable amount of explosive. The shell, a high velocity projectile, must have very thick walls to stand the strain and stresses of travel at thousands of feet per second. A bomb which is merely dropped from a height, achieves only the velocity given it by gravity, and can function with a thin outer shell enclosing relatively, an alarming amount of explosive.

Thus the sheer shattering effect of explosives on the civilian population of England must be vastly greater in degree than anything experienced in the artillery shell bombardments of World War I. Many who were formerly wounded are now killed, that is the meaning of the smaller

proportion of wounded among the casualties of bombardment by the Luftwaffe. The figures of the Battle of Britain 1940 "blitz" bear this out by the recent statement of the British Government regarding civilian casualties: killed 29,000; wounded or injured, 40,000.

A Damnable Fate!

In the summer of 1918 the 8th Canadian Infantry Battalion moved into billets in the village of Grand Roulecourt, twenty miles west of Arras. Because it was the full of the moon they were bombed night after night for a week, a damnable fate for front line infantrymen presumed to be out of the trenches at rest! The 40 men of a No. 2 Company platoon were asleep at midnight in the two hay-mows of a tiled-roofed barn when relays of Hun bombers started passing overhead and dumping their loads of explosive on the village. Some of the planes carried a light type of infantry bomb which, falling in a field would displace enough earth to fill a porridge bowl and lay out rays of bombardment for several feet in the pattern of a star-fish. Six of these hit the tiled roof of the barn housing these forty men, and showers of bomb and tile fragments descended with no small velocity on the soldiers below.

Of the forty men, twenty were casualties of whom six were killed or ultimately died of wounds. Had this group been struck by the type of 500-pound bomb in common use by the Luftwaffe in the blitz over England in this war, one survivor from the forty would have been a miracle. Even one-hundred pound bomb would likely have made all casualties.

The present Secretary of State for War, Rt. Hon. Anthony Eden, in a debate on disarmament in the British House of Commons several years ago, testified to the proposition that the experience of bombing, even under the conditions of 1918, is more trying and more terrifying than the most severe ordeal of shell-fire. Referring to an experience in the last weeks of World War I he said:

"The night was quiet and there was no shell fire, as was usual at the end of the war, but quite suddenly it began literally to rain bombs for anything from ten minutes to a quarter of an hour. I do not know how many bombs fell in that time, but something between thirty and forty, I suppose. It seemed to us to be hundreds. I do not know what

One of the shocking features of the bombing of Britain is that civilians—including women and children, invalids and the aged—are having to suffer more severe bombardments than soldiers in the last war.

However, the Germans think that there is definite value in this. Persons with weak nerves will be unable to stand the strain and will go mad, thus "the bombardment will enable us to discover the neurotic people and remove them," making a better German world-state.

the explanation was. . . What rests in my mind was not only my own personal terror, which was quite inexpressible, because bombing is more demoralizing in its effects than the worst shell fire, but the comment made when it was over by somebody who said, "There now you have had your first taste of the next war."

Frankly, the German General Staff regard the British people as so many guinea pigs, involved in an experiment the findings of which will outline with greater certainty the pattern of their "new order." In 1938 a high officer of the Reichswehr contributed an article to a German publication "für Biologie und Rassenforschung," entitled "The Utility of Air Bombardments from the Point of View of Racial Selection and Social Hygiene" which makes this purpose quite clear.

"It is the most thickly populated quarters which will suffer the most. Those quarters are inhabited by poor people who have not succeeded in life, the disinherited members of the community which will thus be

freed of them. On the other hand, the explosion of large bombs of one ton weight or more, apart from the deaths caused, will also inevitably cause numerous cases of madness. People with weak nervous systems will be unable to stand the shock. The bombardment will enable us to discover the neurotic people and remove them from social life. Once discovered, it will be a simple matter to sterilize them and thus assure racial selection."

Removing "Unfit"

It is quite apparent from the above screed that conquest is only one item in the Nazi program of bombardment from the air. These lion-hearted Britons are meant to be conformed to a totalitarian design for living, the machinery of which has already been set in motion during the bombing blitz. The more curious the ordeal the more advanced in Europe is the biological progress of the "new order"! The suggestion has been made that the sterilization of the Germans of this school of thought would assist the cause of world order and world peace in the next century to a greater extent than any other conceivable European undertaking!

The civilians of embattled Britain are sustaining shocks of battle without parallel in the long history of our race. Canadians do not yet realize the wealth of fortitude which has enabled them to endure undaunted the unrestricted fury of the Nazi war-machine. But the veterans of the old Canadian Corps at least have a yardstick of experience with which to estimate the magnitude of that heroic spirit. They witness with awe the spectacle of the traditional weaker brethren—the aged, the women and the children—able to give the defiant "thumbs up" to the worst the Huns can deliver. No wonder the allegiance of free men throughout the world is rallying to the cause of these invincible citizens of Great Britain.

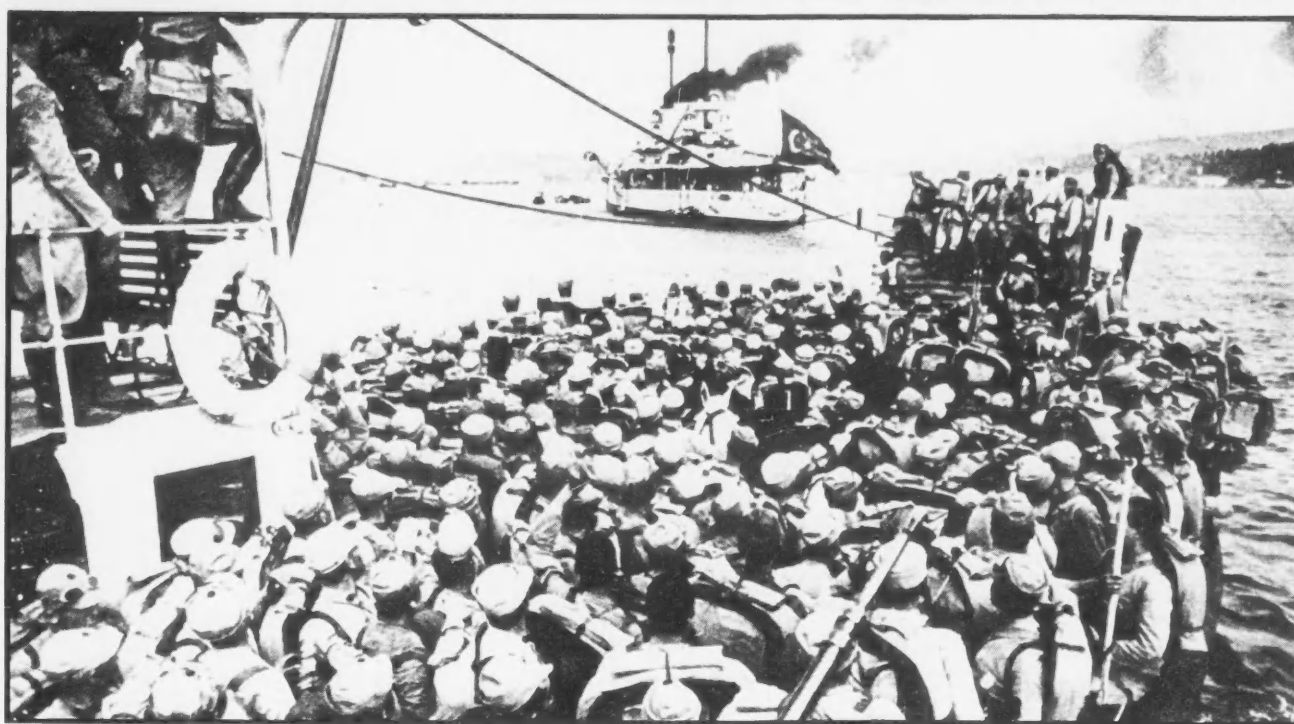


He was buried seventeen hours

Balkan Pot Boils Over—New War Fronts Form



King Peter II of Yugoslavia takes leave of Regent Prince Paul.

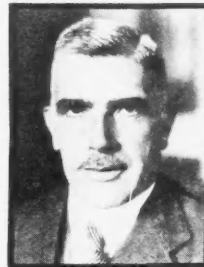


Although Turkey is officially a neutral she moves troops to face Bulgaria and Thrace, now in German hands.



The latest theatre of war is the Balkans, dreaded of conquerors.

THE strategy of terror, the war of surprise Germany ran true to form in her attack on the Balkans. But with a difference: no one was surprised and the terror was ineffective. The Nazi psychological bogy was no more alarming than a turnip-and-sheet ghost, and Germany must settle her Balkan problem by force of arms. That the arms are superior, the attack furious, no one can doubt; but the soul of the Blitzkrieg, stark Terror and Panic, is powerless against the resolution of the Yugoslav and Greek forces. And this time Germany has her own bogy to fight: when Viktor von Heeren, German



Von Heeren

ambassador to Yugoslavia, left for Berlin, the ominous character of his withdrawal was somewhat spoiled by the immediate pledge of Arthur Bliss Lane, the United States Minister, that his country would give all aid to the Serbs and Croats, a pledge which Washington ratified shortly afterward. Meanwhile Turkey watched developments closely. Greece evacuated the indefensible area of Thrace, and Turkey massed troops in the Bosphorus, ready for a possible thrust from the German troops which immediately occupied Thrace to drive at Salonika. The main point of German attack on Greece, however, remained the Vardar Valley, the narrow pass leading from Bulgaria to Greece. The Balkans have been a stumbling block to conquerors all through their history. The treacherous gorges and peaks of northern Greece and

Yugoslavia are not Blitzkrieg country, and the Serbs, Croats and Greeks are fierce, resourceful and tenacious fighters. They have excellent equipment, some new and some reconditioned after capture from Italians in the African campaign. They are aided by shock troops from Wavell's army, in what numbers is not known. Germany admits that the Balkan campaign will not be a simple job. Germany has at last committed herself to fighting on two fronts, a risk which she was loath to take, and would not have taken if her diplomacy of terror had worked according to plan.



Lane



Principal avenue of German attack on Greece is the narrow, treacherous Vardar Valley . . .



Leading toward Salonika, famous battle ground of ancient and modern military history.



Turkey's policy of watchful waiting sets this anti-aircraft gun on an Istanbul roof . . .



But the Yugoslavs are in the field 1,250,000 strong, with the Greeks and British aid.

The Soviet Union Hoes Its Own Balkan Row

BY RAYMOND ARTHUR DAVIES

THREE recent moves illuminate the Kremlin's policy in the Balkans. The first is the verbal castigation of the Bulgarian government for permitting German troops to overrun the country. The second is the joint Soviet-Turkish memorandum of "comprehensive neutrality." The third is the non-aggression pact signed by the U.S.S.R. and Yugoslavia on the eve of the Nazi invasion begun last Sunday.

A careful study of the three diplomatic steps inevitably leads to the conclusion that Soviet policy in the Balkans has been motivated basically by the desire to maintain peace in the proximity of its frontiers. Nowhere in these declarations was there any hint of the vaunted Nazi-Soviet collaboration. Quite the contrary, all the three were definite anti-Nazi statements of policy. On the other hand, only the broadest interpretation can discover anything which might indicate direct aid to Britain and the Allies.

However peace in the Balkans is now a thing of the past. The policy of the Soviet Union therefore seems directed to the strengthening of anti-Nazi forces, the fomenting of revolutionary outbreaks in Nazi-controlled countries, the extension of a helping hand to Turkey, the one country bordering on the Soviet Union in the main theatre of war still at peace and to Yugoslavia. At the same time the Soviet Union is still attempting to keep Turkey out of war. The wording of the Soviet-Turkish memorandum speaks for itself in this regard.

"The Soviet and Turkish governments," it reads, "have exchanged declarations because statements have been published in parts of the foreign press to the effect that Rus-

The Soviet-Yugoslav non-aggression and friendship pact again indicates how thoroughly the Kremlin disapproves of Nazi advances in the Balkans.

In the past the keystone of Russian policy had been the creation of a block of neutrals in South-eastern Europe in order to weaken both belligerents, but primarily the Nazis, and to establish a buffer against war.

Turkey excepting, there are no longer any neutrals in the Balkans. The Soviet pledges of friendly neutrality to both Turkey and Yugoslavia are becoming an important factor in reinforcing anti-Nazi struggle not only in this region but throughout the Near East.

sia might take advantage of difficulties in which Turkey might find herself in case of her being obliged to enter the war, and might attack Turkey. The Soviet Government has made the following declarations to the Turkish Government:

"First, such rumors do not in any way correspond to the intentions of the Soviet Government.

"Second, if Turkey is attacked and be obliged to enter the war for the purpose of defending her territory, she can rely upon the complete neutrality and understanding of the Soviet Union, based upon the existing treaty of friendship between the two countries."

The meaning of this is only too clear. The Soviets deny that they have any designs upon Turkish territory. At the same time Turkey is told that she can rely upon the "neutrality and understanding" of the Soviet Union only if she "be obliged" to fight for the purpose of "defending" herself, in other words if her neutrality is broken by another power—obviously Germany. It is

definitely a warning to the Nazis to keep away. But one might also interpret the declaration as at least a suggestion to Turkey not to enter any combination for the purpose of war against Germany which might serve as an excuse for invasion.

The declaration, the first of this character since the outbreak of hostilities, and the non-aggression pact were warmly welcomed abroad. At Washington, Acting Secretary of State Sumner Welles said that "it was a matter of satisfaction . . . when a great power like the Soviet Union reaffirmed its intention of maintaining its 'comprehensive neutrality' in the event that a neighboring country suffered attack." It was said elsewhere that Sir Stafford Cripps, British Ambassador to Moscow, was partly responsible for the move.

The Nazis did not like the Soviet-Turkish memorandum, as they had previously disliked the earlier condemnation of Bulgar policy, the more so since the former openly implied that in case Turkey were attacked, the Soviet Union would come to her help, although not by participation in the war. Events in Bulgaria and Yugoslavia have since gone far to prove that this assistance was implied for all Balkan lands that were ready to maintain complete neutrality.

Go Ahead Sign

Some observers, as for example G. E. R. Gedye, the Istanbul correspondent of the *New York Times*, interpreted the memorandum as being "merely Soviet Russia's indication to Turkey that she may go ahead whenever she pleases with the fulfillment of her treaty of alliance with Great Britain." It is difficult to see upon what Mr. Gedye bases his conclusions. The most the memorandum does in this connection is to promise Soviet neutrality. On the other hand we should like to repeat again what we said in another article some weeks ago. That is, that only the most naive will believe that the Soviets will see Germany overrun Turkey without taking a hand to protect their own frontiers as well as the path to the Caspian Sea and perhaps the Indian Ocean.

What policy, therefore, does the Soviet Union propose to the Balkan countries? Better, perhaps, what policy *did* it propose? It was one of alliance with the Soviet Union and isolation from the belligerents for the purpose of retaining "full independence, maintaining neutrality and refusing to become directly involved in the war on either side," a policy of resistance to both the Nazis and the British.

This premise is supported by a number of facts. Soviet diplomatic efforts to win Turkey for a joint Soviet-Turkish neutrality pact at the beginning of the war are known to all. At that time Turkey refused to follow Moscow and allied herself with London. Less well known are Soviet efforts to win Bulgaria and Yugoslavia for a similar alliance. Little has been written about this. However, it will be remembered that on the eve of German invasion, the press reported that fifty opposition deputies in the Bulgarian parliament questioned the government, without obtaining any reply, concerning a proposed offer of the Soviet Union for a pact with Sofia. Something similar had occurred in Belgrade on the eve of the capitulation



The naval battle in the Mediterranean last week in which the British whipped the Italians, shaped up like this: an Italian naval force was reported moving off Cape Passero (1). British forces steaming westward off Crete (2) sighted the Italians who fled westward with the British in pursuit. Italian ships were engaged off the coast of Greece (3) while the main battle began 150 miles west of Crete. Last reports were that the Italians lost 5 ships outright with 3 severely crippled.

of Prince Paul's cabinet to Germany. At that time, goaded by the opposition, the Premier is said to have shouted that the Russians did not have enough military power to assist Yugoslavia despite their offers. It was not until the Nazi hordes were at the country's gateways that the new cabinet welcomed the extended hand of the Soviets.

An interesting sidelight on the situation is offered by the fate of pro-Soviet demonstrators in Belgrade following the coup. The press reported that great crowds of workmen poured out into the streets carrying banners reading "Long Live Russia." In the great demonstration before the palace, placards were carried greeting Great Britain, the United States and the Soviet Union. However as it became clear the next day that the new government was definitely pro-British, Communist pamphlets appeared and demonstrations began calling for a treaty with the Soviet Union and complete neutrality in respect to both belligerents. The new regime thereupon raided all Communist headquarters and prohibited pro-Soviet manifestations.

Nevertheless the Soviet Government evidently welcomed the coup in Yugoslavia as an indication of the rise of the spirit of anti-Nazi resistance. "The coup had altered the Balkan situation, and initiated a new phase in the affairs of Southern Europe," the Red Army paper *Red Star* wrote editorially on April 3. Two days earlier, *Pravda*, the official organ of the Communist Party, wrote that the Yugoslav people were distinguished by a glorious past and were deserving of congratulations. The pact followed.

Class Struggle Motives

This attitude on the part of Moscow leads many observers to believe that the Soviet Government in the past had been retreating from its announced positions due to fear of German military might. Of course the Russians have good reason to respect the power of the German army, but they seem to be more concerned with the essential motives of the belligerents both in their respective aims and attitude toward the Soviet Union. As has been emphasized repeatedly, the Soviets live in the expectation of attack by one or another or a combination of "capitalist" powers. For years they have been preparing to resist this attack. Now that these "enemies" are fighting among themselves, Moscow is not at all loath to utilize their respective weaknesses for its own motives, which it believes to be also the revolutionary, class struggle motives of the world's workers.

This is the reason why Soviet policy appears to follow no consistent line. This line changes accord-

ing to Communist precepts, which time that conditions in the world suffer a fundamental change. But the aim remains. It is to strengthen Russia as the bulwark of world revolution and to assist in every way the development of revolution everywhere.

Does this mean that Britain can find no points of contact with Soviet foreign policy? Of course not. We are already benefiting indirectly from the fact that a considerable portion of the Japanese army is held in northern Asia and away from Singapore by the fear of Russia. The Russians on the other hand obviously profit from Nazi involvement in the war with us. Again our forces in Greece and the Greeks themselves are helped by the fact that Hitler dare not withdraw sixty to seventy-five divisions with full equipment from the Russian border. We are definitely helped by the Soviet pledge of neutrality towards Turkey and the pledge of friendship to Yugoslavia.

Russia No Pushover

We shall not take issue at this time on the question whether or not the Soviet Union can be easily invaded by Nazi troops. We should not forget however, that the Russians have enormous reserves of man-power, an excellent mechanized army, and considerable, if somewhat sad, military experience. It may be that the Soviets are more powerful. However, they have to contend with two fronts. Their war industries are under constant attack by the R.A.F. and they must partially rely on Soviet oil.

The distance from the Russian frontier to the Caucasian oil fields is 1,200 miles, a respect-able trek even in these days of fast military transportation and there are three great rivers barring the way, the Dniester, Dnieper and the Don. It will not be easy to overrun Russia under the best of circumstances. It may even be impossible.

Keeping this in mind it would seem that not fear but the desire to strengthen its own position, weaken the Nazis and maintain peace in the neighborhood thus creating a buffer against war, motivates the present Soviet policy. This explains both Moscow's efforts to withdraw Turkey from the British orbit and relief at Yugoslavia's resistance to Nazi attack.

There is not much else the Russians will do. But we can look forward to a great increase in Communist activity in all the Balkan countries. Should Germany collapse, Soviet revolutions there will find quick help across the border.

And if Turkey becomes drawn into war, we shall see the first, although indirect in the beginning at least, participation of the Soviets in the world conflagration. This participation may even become manifested in the case of Yugoslavia.



These men were in the news last week. Above: John G. Winant, U.S. Ambassador in London chats with Herschel Johnson, U.S. Minister. Last week Winant signed with Prime Minister Churchill a pact giving the United States 99-year leases on naval and air bases in the West Indies and Newfoundland. Below: a priceless study in contrasting expressions. This picture of Regent Prince Paul of Yugoslavia and Adolf Hitler was taken on the former's visit to Berlin. Last week, his pact with Germany repudiated, Paul was under arrest, Hitler's armies were in the Balkans.



BOOKS ON THE WAR

From the R. A. F. to Norman Alley

THE R.A.F. IN ACTION, with 101 photographs. Macmillan. \$2.50.

UNDER THE IRON HEEL, by Lars Moen. Longmans, Green. \$3.50.

IN THE W. ENGLAND, by Ben Robertson. Ryerson. \$2.50.

THEY'LL NEVER QUIT, by Harvey Klemmer. Longmans, Green. \$3.00.

THE LITTLE BELGIAN MAN, by Norman Alley. Longmans, Green. \$3.50.

THIS is a mixed lot of books, none of them outstanding, but none of them bad. When I picked up the *Little Belgian Man* story of the famous globe-trotting news-photographer Norman Alley and saw that there wasn't a photo in it, I admit that my immediate reaction was: "Now isn't that a bit foolish!" But there are stories here. What this man hasn't been through! His greatest fame was earned when, happening to be aboard the U.S. Gunboat *Panay* when it was bombed and sunk by the Japanese just after the fall of Nanking, he ground out a full and priceless photographic record for the State Department and the American public. It is when the United States goes to war with Japan you will see Alley's picture trotted out again with the caption: "Remember the *Panay*!"

Again, in May 1940, he was in the hottest particular spot in the world, in Holland when the German Blitz struck it. He was, in fact, tipped off by telephone by a pal in Berlin the afternoon before it happened. During the days immediately preceding

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

the invasion and the day or two after, Alley became convinced that numerous able-bodied men going about Amsterdam in gray suits and hats, and carrying raincoats, were Nazi agents, and that windows in strategic locations on corners or important squares which had been taped with a too-careful X were gathering places and sniping locations for Fifth Columnists. Alley tipped off the Amsterdam police, who rounded up 1400 of these men in "tattle-tale gray." The alarm was spread to other cities, and in Rotterdam no less than 5600 were caught and placed temporarily in the Civic Auditorium. Two hours later over 4000 of them perished in the barbaric bombing which wiped out 276 city blocks and over 30,000 Dutch citizens.

Speaking of parachutists, Alley declares that colorful posters which went up all over Holland advertising a popular brand of coffee bore conveniently on the reverse side a detailed military map of the locality.

Closer to Home

Coming a little closer to home, Alley has a story about being stopped by a cordon of R.C.M.P. between North Bay and Toronto on a trumped-up charge of planning to kidnap the Dionne quintuplets, through the instigation of a certain Toronto paper, which was jealous

lest he pry away its photo monopoly.

Leaving Alley in Holland, we can appropriately take up Lars Moen in Belgium. He is an American chemist who has worked and studied all over Europe for 15 years and was engaged on experiments in dyestuffs, in Antwerp when the invasion came, and stayed in Belgium for six months afterwards. He doesn't think that if his passport had revealed that he was a former journalist the Nazis would have let him out. Moen's book looks like the best cross-sectional view of a recently occupied country that we have had. It is a well-written and unsensational account of all the things he saw and heard around him during those months and he saw and heard a lot and of what the Little Belgian Man thought and did during and after the invasion.

In Belgium With Moen

Living in Antwerp he had a particularly good opportunity to watch the German preparations for invading Britain. He asserts as a fact that the Germans made an attempt in September 1940 to invade Britain, but he is not sure that it was a genuine attempt. It might have only been made, or half-made, by the Army Command because Hitler insisted. He thought, for instance, that it was peculiar that Bavarians and Austrians, not the best German fighting material, were chosen for the role, at least at Antwerp. Hundreds of big Belgian river barges were commandeered during the summer. A number were lashed together in threes, and covered with a concrete deck. Practice manoeuvres were held with these triple barges off the Dutch coast.

Early in September a large number of German sailors became noticeable in the streets of Antwerp, and a walk by the docks showed Moen many small German naval craft and five liners. Local residents told him that for days the Germans had been loading artillery, light tanks, motorcycles, machine-guns and munitions of all sorts on these ships. From the latter part of August "invasion" troops had been arriving in Antwerp in great numbers. Many were quartered in the author's village just outside the city, and made no secret of the fact that they were there to invade Britain. One of them showed him the seasickness powder which had been issued to them all! (Wonderfully thorough, these Teutons!) On September 1 and 2, a dress rehearsal was staged on St. Anne's bathing beach in the harbor of Antwerp and filmed by the German news-reels. A considerable number of German Generals watched the operation, "and they didn't look too happy about it."

Invasion Attempt

Then, he says, at a given moment a large number of the invasion troops disappeared from Antwerp. Later, the bodies of hundreds of German soldiers were washed up on the Belgian coast, particularly near Ostend, as Americans living there confirmed. In the first weeks of October, when Moen left Belgium, he had it from numerous sources which he considered reliable that a great many badly burned German soldiers were in hospital in Antwerp.

Putting all this together with stories he collected from people living in other invasion ports the writer gives the following version as "an overwhelming probability": "On or about September 16, a considerable force of towed triple barges set out from the Belgian coast, constituting the first wave of the attack. They were spotted by the British. Destroyers cut them off. Planes of the R.A.F. dropped oil drums on or near them, then followed with incendiaries which turned the whole into a blazing inferno."



THE EAGLE HAS CLAWS!

That is Moen's opinion, though he doesn't give it in any dogmatic way. When he left Antwerp even people whom he had known as pro-Germans before the invasion whispered to him that they hoped they would live to see the enemy exterminated "down to the last dog and cat in Germany." Many of the Flemings had no corresponding goodwill for the British, however; but in Brussels he found pro-British sentiment both strong and defiant. All Belgians, Flemish and Walloon, believe the capitulation of their army the only thing that could have been done, and are united behind Leopold.

Robertson's Experiences

When *PM's* correspondent Ben Robertson arrived in England last June to cover the great invasion he expected to find the British preparing in a frenzy. Instead the airmen at his port of entry took time off to brew him a cup of tea. "My God," I said, "what a war! My God, they'll be defeated!" Well, of course, we know now that they weren't, and books on the great Blitz aren't quite as gripping as they used to be. Nevertheless, Robertson's story was worth setting down. He talked to everybody, high and low. One of the first things he learned was from his chambermaid, who opined that, "The ones at the top and the ones at the bottom here aren't as big snobs as they were in the middle."

Robertson lunched with R. B. Bennett, Mr. Amery, and Sir Ronald Campbell, the former British Ambassador to Paris. Sir Ronald had just returned from France and said that after the French delegates at Compiègne had finished making their surrender, one of them remarked to the German generals: "It now becomes our pleasant duty to negotiate with that valiant leader who entered the war before it ended." The Germans roared with laughter, and became almost friendly with the French in discussing Mussolini and the Italians.

Robertson also speculates a good deal during this terrific summer. War, he concludes, is not as bad as the fear of war. The fear of war does worse things to a country than fighting.

"They'll Never Quit"

The best book of this lot, *They'll Never Quit*, is also about Britain. It goes much farther than Ben Robertson's; it is a report on Britain, and

I would say a more valuable one than Ralph Ingersoll's, because of the author's much greater experience. He was attaché at the American Embassy from before Munich until early this year.

Just to take a few samples, Mr. Klemmer wonders whether Hitler's reason in sparing the British plane factories and shipyards up until so very recently was not with an idea of preserving them for use against America. In a chapter on British humor he awards as the best win-the-war suggestion yet advanced that of spreading "bracerot" over Germany. German production would then come to an immediate standstill, for a man can't work with his pants falling down. There was also the story of the major in "invasion corner" who got tired of having captured German airmen click their heels at him, so ordered their shoes taken off before they were brought in. "The result, it is said, was extremely funny."

On the more serious side, the writer declares that: "The English are having their revolution now, and they are having it so successfully that the forms of democracy have hardly been touched. The country's war effort, instead of being retarded as Hitler fondly hoped, and as is happening in the U.S., has surged forward to ever greater heights." Klemmer, too, believes the Germans tried to invade last Fall, and were smashed up by the R.A.F. But he thinks that a new and greater attempt must be expected. He reminds his own countrymen that they might remember that the British could make a deal with Hitler any day in the week, and that instead of debating whether or not they should aid them, the Americans "had better get down on our knees and thank God that somebody had nerve enough to stand up to the aggressors... while the rest of us dispensed moral indignation..."

R.A.F. Pictures

The R.A.F. in Action is a handsome collection of 101 photographs of the men and planes of the R.A.F., the work they do and the life they live. Royalties from the sale of the book are to go to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. I have been expecting another and similar book, published by Copp Clark, *The R.A.F. in Pictures*, with a commentary by the well-known aviation authority, Oliver Stewart, for some weeks, but have still not laid eyes on it.



The two elements which have compassed the fall of Mussolini's Roman Empire are seen here in informal moments. Above, officers of Wavell's Army of the Nile relax in their headquarters, an ancient Roman tomb. The coffin niches make excellent bunks. Below is shown a meeting between Emperor Haile Selassie and some of his countrymen, with British Allies at an undisclosed point on the Ethiopian border. An exile since 1936, the Lion of Judah is overjoyed at the emancipation of his country, and toward which he has never ceased to strive. The black-robed figure seen at the right of the picture is the Emperor's personal priest.



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Who Did Support National Government?

BY POLITICUS

ON FEBRUARY 24 Ernest Lapointe in his speech in the House of Commons against the formation of a national government, during which he said: "My province is unanimously opposed to the proposal," found an unusual answer amongst the Conservative Opposition. Here is what Hansard of that date says: "Every candidate of the official Opposition was a candidate for a national government. Not only could that be seen in the newspapers of the time; but if hon. members will consult the *Parliamentary Guide* just issued, that every one of my hon. friends opposite from the leader down is described as 'N.G.' meaning 'national government'."

Then Howard Green, John R. MacNicol, R. B. Hanson all rose in their seats and denied they had run as National Government candidates. The rest of the members of the Opposition sat quietly and permitted the whole onus of the idea of running under the banner of National Government to fall on the shoulders of Dr. R. J. Manion who led the party in the last federal election. Not one member stood up to say a single good word in connection with the policy of the Conservative party in that election whose anniversary was not celebrated on March 26 last.

It took work on and off since Mr. Lapointe's speech in the House that day until last week to run down the whole story of how the Conservative party came to fight on the National Government plank. The information had to be released by three people in Toronto, one in Montreal on a trip there March 22, and one friend of R. L. Maitland, leader of the Conservative party in British Columbia.

Other information came from a friend of Dr. Manion's in Toronto and from one Liberal politician in

Ottawa who is not a member of the House of Commons. Below is what happened.

When Hitler marched into Poland September 1, 1939, the Canadian political pot began to boil over. What action the King government would take on Canada's participation was only one question. Another that bothered the politicians in the camps of both major parties immediately rose to the front. What would each other party do?

War and the Parties

The Conservatives were weak in the House. No independent observer expected that they could win. Some thought this might be a chance to come back with a majority, if there were an election on the basis of the Conservative party's historic position as the strong pro-Empire party.

Canada declared war in a short session. But the position of the parties was still not clear. Would King bring in Manion? Would he form a union government? Those were problems worrying both Mr. King and Dr. Manion. Then Dr. Manion came to a decision. He thought that the solution, if there were to be an election, would be for the Conservative party to come out on a platform for National Government. But that wasn't sufficient for Bob Manion. He had to consult his leaders

and he believed that there was more than an off chance that Willie King would form a National Government himself and leave the Conservative opposition out in the cold. Or perhaps take one or two Conservatives outside of the House into his cabinet and still leave the Opposition high and dry.

King did consult and discuss with at least two of his advisers as to whether or not he himself would form a National Government. The utmost secrecy was necessary by Bob Manion in his discussions with his supporters on his idea. He felt there was a serious danger that King would steal his thunder.

Meanwhile Manion offered his full co-operation to the Government. It wasn't accepted.

Several important members of the Conservative party outside the House came to see Manion and suggested he run on a National Government platform. He said nothing to them but did consult with two or three members of his group in the House on these suggestions.

Manion's Western Trip

Then came arrangements to talk to Canadian Clubs throughout western Canada. Dr. Manion took that trip and talked no "politics" to any of the clubs. He did have small private meetings with executives. That series of talks started in Saskatoon on Friday, November 17. He arrived in Edmonton on the 18th. Then the rest of the trip was Vancouver the 20th, Calgary 21st, Regina the 23rd, Winnipeg 24th, Fort William the 28th, and back in Ottawa the 29th.

On that trip Dr. Manion discussed the National Government platform. During his discussions he spoke to Pat Maitland and Harry Stevens in British Columbia; Alberta, the Conservative leader D. M. Duggan; Saskatchewan, John Diefenbaker, Conservative leader; Manitoba, Eric Willis, Conservative leader. So he spoke about his plan to every western provincial Conservative leader. None of them held out on him. Maitland and Stevens and Willis were exceptionally in favor. Not one objected to what Dr. Manion proposed.

For the rest of the provinces where there were Conservative leaders Dr. Manion laid his plan before them. They all agreed to it. Some of the leaders coined that brilliant phrase: "It's a brain wave." That was the way out for the Conservative party.

On December 4, still 1939 of course, Dr. Manion called in his special committee of caucus to discuss the plan with them in further detail. That committee was made up of members who were handy to Ottawa and with whom he could discuss problems on the shortest notice.

The Chicken Lunch

Present at that meeting of the special committee were Georges H. Héon, Argenteuil; W. A. Walsh, Mount Royal, now deceased; A. C. Casselman, Grenville-Dundas, then and still party whip in the House of Commons; Joe Harris, Toronto-Danforth and contender for the party leadership in '38; Karl Homuth, Waterloo South; Hugh Stewart, Leeds, and one of R. B. Bennett's cabinet ministers.

That committee met in the Whip's office. Over a cold lunch including chicken sandwiches they discussed what Dr. Manion had found on his trip throughout western Canada. There was not a single dissenting voice, not even Georges Héon, the French-Canadian member.

About that time, the date cannot be run down exactly, Dr. Manion had lunch with Mr. Hanson at the Rideau Club in Ottawa. They discussed the National Government proposal. Hanson asked for time to think it over. Later there was correspondence between Manion and

Hanson on the same subject. There was no dissent from Hanson. Hanson at that time was extremely friendly to Manion since it was Manion who had pressed Bennett to include Hanson in the cabinet although Bennett held out against the inclusion of Hanson for a long, long time.

On January 13, 1940, Dr. H. A. Bruce, not then a candidate in the election since there was none announced, saw Dr. Manion in the Conservative leader's office in the House of Commons. It is very likely that the plan was discussed with Dr. Bruce then. But it has not been fully established that it was.

Next Big Step

Meanwhile Dr. John Robb, the national organizer for the Conservatives, was kept fully informed throughout and was consulted on every step. The proposal was kept a closely guarded secret from the press and from the Liberal as well as from the Conservative party generally. There was great fear and trembling lest Mr. King take over the proposal and go to the country on it.

The next big step came on Thursday January 25, 1940. It was on that day that King pulled a fast one, one that historians will chalk down against his frequent protestations that Parliament is the place to discuss the nation's affairs. Mr. King had Parliament dissolved after only a three hour sitting and after members and staff had come in from the whole country. An election was to be held.

The Conservatives were the most shocked people, next to the average voter. What was to be done? What? What?

Next morning, Friday, January 26, there was a caucus of Conservative members. It was held in room 375 of the House of Commons. Dr. Manion came into caucus with several sheets of paper in his pocket. They were the draft of his handout to the press who were clamoring for a statement. There was nothing in the handout mentioning national government. He did not intend to bring it up at caucus but rather make a straight announcement later since no caucus is really secret, as part of this article well proves.

The Only Way

Before Dr. Manion could read his handout Earl Rowe, former Ontario Conservative leader and member for Dufferin-Simcoe, rose and made a speech. He was not prompted by Manion. In fact, as Manion told friends, it was a great surprise to him.

In that speech Earl declared there was only one way to win the election, only one, and that was to come out for National Government. The caucus cheered wildly. And from people who were there, that is no exaggeration. There were wild cheers. The plan was discussed and then caucus unanimously backed the proposal. There was not only no dissent but the most enthusiastic approval. John R. MacNicol was chairman of the caucus committee.

Then Dr. Manion read the handout to caucus. They agreed fully with it. The last paragraph of that long statement as prepared by Dr. Manion was as follows: "I am convinced that fair minded citizens everywhere will place their stamp of disapproval upon this unnecessary and uncalled for political manoeuvre, and will put into power a Government of action, decision, courage and vision to handle not only our war effort but to assure the necessary attention to after-war problems."

Then caucus added the paragraph which appears below and which was the last paragraph of the statement as it appeared in the press and in the handout which the press did get.

"Such a Government, to be really effective and to achieve the results desired by all Canadians, must be

a truly National Government in the sense that the very best brains obtainable among our people are drafted to serve in the Cabinet. Therefore if the National Conservative Party is successful at the coming election I shall form such a Government."

Those two paragraphs appeared in the newspapers the next day.

Then on Saturday, January 27, Dr. Manion issued another statement intended to clarify the last paragraph on the request of the press. Here it is: "What I said was, that the very best brains obtainable among our people would be drafted to serve in the Cabinet. Naturally, it would be ridiculous for me to suggest that all the best brains in Canada belong to one party, and I certainly did not mean to place Party limitations on what I called a 'truly National Government'."

There was nothing but acclaim from the Party leaders outside the House. Stacks and stacks of mail and telegrams arrived congratulating Manion on his stand for National Government. There were no important dissenting voices, if any at all.

Shortly afterwards Dr. Manion made a trip to Toronto. There he consulted with Senate Conservative leader Arthur Meighen; former Ontario Premier George Howard Ferguson; Wesley Gordon, one-time Bennett cabinet minister; and Don Hagarth, old friend of Manion's and a money-man of the Conservative Party. They all agreed to the National Government plan with the highest enthusiasm.

In addition the financial bulwarks, or rather what was left of them from the old days, were in hearty support of the plan. On that trip Dr. Manion also spoke to Dr. Bruce. He too was more than enthusiastic in his praise of the Manion proposal. That meeting with Dr. Bruce took place on February 9, in Toronto.

Nobody Dissented

Dr. Manion had opened his campaign in Brockville for the Hon. Hugh Stewart. It was a banquet meeting. There he repeated his plan for National Government.

Then the speaking tour went west to Victoria. In every place he spoke there was no dissent by anyone against the National Government proposal. Not from a single important party bigwig.

At Sault Ste. Marie, Carl Reinke, the Canadian Press staff man travelling with Dr. Manion, asked the Conservative leader how the party was to be designated in the C.P. summary which they issue every election. His office had asked for it. Dr. Manion gave Reinke a statement in which he stated that the nomenclature was not important. As long as a candidate made it evident that he stood for National Government that was sufficient. Then he went on to say: "As far as I am concerned I prefer to be called a National Government supporter." At that stage the "N.G." started. The Canadian Press began to name candidates as National Government candidates and N.G. was a matter of press convenience.

While Dr. Manion was in Saint John, N.B. he saw Mr. Hanson at a luncheon. It was Thursday March 7. There was no kick by Hanson as to National Government.

That is the story as far as personal knowledge, various sources and the use of a calendar make it out. There is probably not a single detail out of place, for every fact was checked and re-checked. And yet when the plan failed all the Monday morning quarterbacks in the Conservative party climbed out from under, or at least tried to leave the impression that the whole thing was something that Manion himself had concocted without consultation.

Just one more detail—at no time, friends of Manion's say, did he even consider bringing anyone from the Government into his cabinet if he were elected with the one considered exception of Col. J. L. Ralston, then Finance Minister in the King cabinet and now National Defence Minister.

The moral to be drawn is: Don't be a leader of the Conservative party, for then your throat will be cut when you are down. Another moral: If you bring your son up to be a politician tell him the facts of life very early.



It is the task of aged Marshal Henri Philippe Petain to tread the tight-rope which lies between 'limited collaboration' with France's new master, and loss of French self-respect. Above he is shown with General Franco who conferred with him at Montpellier; both salute as the Spanish anthem is played. Below Petain reviews members of a special guard unit at Vichy. It was from Vichy that the Marshal recently broadcast his statement "Honour requires us to undertake nothing against our former Allies, but the integrity of the country requires that source of our vital food and essential posts of our empire be safeguarded." Thus Petain resists pressure exerted against him from Germany on the one side, and discountenances the activities of the Free French Forces under General Charles de Gaulle on the other, a judicious equivoque.



The Full Measure of Australia's War Effort

Of all the troops from the dominions those from Australia have so far in the present war been most in the news. Their performances in North Africa have brought them great fame. Recently they landed at Singapore to tackle the Japs, should Japan decide on going to war with Britain and her Allies.

Australia's war effort is not as great as Canada's and she is further away from Britain; but she is grimly to be reckoned with.

So fast and far has Australia transformed her economy to cope with war conditions that it can be claimed she is just as much "in the war" as Britain. For Australia with its seven million people there is no confusion about the effort needed. They recognize the declaration of Mr. Menzies, the Australian Prime Minister: "We are staking everything."

Apart from its uncultivable and desert areas, Australia is a vast sheep and cattle run, a land of farms and dairies, of mines for gold and coal and other minerals, an orchard, a timber-yard and a vineyard. She also breeds men—and what men!

Australia has nearly two million horses (and even more motor vehicles); 14 million cattle, 111 million sheep and over a million pigs. She is the leading wool-growing country, supplying, with one-sixth of the world's sheep, a quarter of the world's consumption of wool. Her clip, worth £48,000,000 (Australian currency) has, with other products, been bought by Britain.

Beef, Gold, Munitions

In normal years Australia's exports of chilled beef amount to half a million tons, nearly two million tons of frozen beef and veal, the same quantity of mutton and lamb and a quarter of a million tons of butter.

Her production of gold exceeds £1,000,000 a year in value, and of silver over £1,000,000. Tin, lead, iron, zinc and copper also bulk large; but the value of mineral production is less than that returned by the agricultural and pastoral industries.

The total wheat harvest is about 20 million bushels. Already Britain has bought 56 million bushels of her wheat and 150,000 tons of flour. But fruits, wine and hides swell the export quota. In fact, the controlling factor is not productive ability on the part of Australians but rather the difficulty of finding sufficient ships to convey these products.

Apart from her agricultural and mineral production, both being highly important in the war effort, Australia is now developing factories all over the country. During the last war her production of armaments was practically nil. Today her munitions works are employing a quarter of a million men, and the proof of their output can be seen when one considers that all the stores required for the Expeditionary Force which landed at Singapore were manufactured in Australia.

Army, Navy, Air Force

Today the Commonwealth has three divisions of troops, and further recruiting is going on. There is a Home Guard of 250,000 men. Defence expenditure will soon reach £100,000,000 yearly—a burden of taxation which is being borne entirely by the Australians themselves.

Before war was declared, the Royal Australian Navy was ready for action. H.M.A.S. *Sydney* emulated, when she sank the *Bartolomeo Colonna*, the exploit of her namesake in destroying the *Enden*. The Australian destroyer *Voyager* sank an Italian submarine; and it was a former Australian merchantman, the *Jersey Bay*, which the seas gave a hall of glory when Fogarty Egan, V.C., fought her to a finish in defence of the convoy entrusted to his care.

BY C. A. PERRIER

Australia is playing her part in the great Empire Air Training Scheme and will train at least 57,000 men, probably more. Many machines will be made in Australia, including the largest bombers which will be available by 1942. Australian units have distinguished themselves with the Coastal Command of the Royal Air Force, and many Australian airmen have already reached England.

The present attitude of Japan constitutes a very serious threat to the security of Australia. The fact that the country is seventeen times the size of Japan, and with but one-twelfth of her population must offer a tempting prize to an aggressive nation. Australia is fully aware of this, just as she appreciates the fact that Singapore is the vital outside bastion of her defence. That is why the country has accepted a very specific share in the defence of the great

naval base. That is also one reason why her total munition program which cost £3,000,000 last year is being increased until it will reach a total of £20,000,000 next year. And this is all being borne by a territory whose population does not equal that of London.

Truly it can be claimed that Australia is, in the words of Mr. R. G. Casey, Australian Minister to the United States, "engaged in an all-in business."



The soup that's first in women's thoughts...

WHEN the children are due for lunch—

—Naturally enough, it is Campbell's Tomato Soup that pops at once into mothers' minds. It's easy to fix when minutes are precious. But more than that, mothers know how the children love its lively flavour—and how nourishing it is. Extraluscious Canadian tomatoes, golden table butter, and delicate seasoning make Campbell's Tomato Soup a tempting, nutritious treat.



WHEN second-day dishes need a "lift"—

—Here again, Campbell's Tomato Soup! For the same lively flavour that makes it so well liked as a soup makes it also a tempting tomato sauce. Try it! All you do is heat it just as it comes from the can, double-rich, double-strength. With its help, an ordinary dish becomes one the family cheers for. See how it adds zip to such foods as meat loaf, fish, macaroni, and omelet!



WHEN Dad brings a friend for dinner—

—Mother looks for something extra to brighten the meal—something to give it a more elaborate "company" touch. So, what could be better than Campbell's Tomato Soup, steaming, savory and delicious? It's sure to be welcomed! For a long time, it has been the best-liked soup in the world and, year after year, it becomes more and more popular!



and WHEN they want to be sure, on any occasion, to serve something everyone knows and likes...



Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

MADE IN CAMPBELL'S MODERN KITCHENS AT NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO

PROPERTY rights are very interesting things. They are constantly changing, for they are what the law from time to time declares them to be, and they can be changed either by the enactment of a competent legislature or by the process of interpretation by a competent court. Both legislature and court, the former more readily than the latter, are responsive to changes in public opinion, so that public opinion—allowing for a more or less considerable time lag—really determines what property rights shall be. I am, of course, speaking of an organized society in which the government is responsive to public opinion, such as a democracy. A radical change of public opinion concerning the nature of property rights can seldom, however, be made effective without a considerable amount of political disturbance, owing to the tenacity with which the owners of these rights ordinarily resist any attempt at diminution of them. Changes called for by public opinion in a democracy are usually in the direction of diminution; increase of property rights—the giving to the owner of more numerous or greater rights over that which he owns—is usually a concealed process which goes on for a long time without being noticed by public opinion, and finally comes to be tolerated be-

cause it seems to have been so long recognized.)

If I own a package of tobacco, I can put some of it in my pipe and set fire to it. If I own a scuttle of coal, I can put some of it in my grate and set fire to it. If I own a house on a city street, I cannot set fire to it, at least without running the risk of being prosecuted for arson. If I own a factory which is the only primary source of employment for a town of 5,000 people, I cannot set fire to it, either, for the same reason, namely that the blaze might set fire to the property of somebody else. But I can close down the factory, thereby depriving the whole town of its livelihood, and greatly diminishing if not destroying the value of all the rest of the property in the town. Public opinion has got around to recognizing the burning of my factory as unjust to other property owners. It has not got around to recognizing the closing of my fac-

tory as unjust either to other property owners or to the workers whom I employ. Both classes are supposed to make their own provision against the risk that I may close the factory, but not against the risk that I may set fire to it. Public opinion in Canada, if properly represented by the Canadian Parliament, has got around to the point of thinking it is unfair to the workers to expect them to make this provision, owing to the slenderness of their resources, and is getting ready to provide them with Unemployment Insurance. But it still leaves me free to perform the act which necessitates their falling back upon Unemployment Insurance.

There are of course infinitely greater difficulties about declaring that I must not close my factory than there are about declaring that I must not burn it down. I may, because of some new competition, be

unable to keep my factory open except at a loss; and to compel me to run it at a loss is obviously a process which could not be continued indefinitely. Nevertheless it is quite conceivable that a state of public opinion might develop, and ultimately be registered in law, which would require me not to close it down without first, let us say, turning it over to an organization of the workers to see whether they could not carry it on without a loss. No such state of public opinion has yet developed, but it is suggested here that it conceivably might develop, and that the curtailment of property rights which it would involve might not be so revolutionary as to involve the entire break-down of the existing private-enterprise economic system.

THE right to refuse to run my property at a loss is one, the destruction of which would make me and everybody else unwilling to own a factory. The right to prevent anybody else from taking over a factory which has become worthless to me is by no means so essential. It exists already in favor of the mortgage creditors, if any, of my factory; and there is no conclusive reason why, after they have had their chance and failed to make good, it should not be extended to the workers. The workers might not be able to do any better with it than the mortgage holders, but at least they would know that it was either their fault or their hard luck, and not the fault of somebody else. (I might pause here to note that factories are frequently closed when they are perfectly capable of being operated at a profit, and even when a minority of the owners would like them to continue being operated, the reason being that the majority of the owners are interested in another factory, and figure that they can make a larger profit by closing down this one and running the other one at higher pressure.)

THERE is a section of public opinion in practically all countries today which holds that the happiness of the great mass of the population cannot be assured without the complete destruction of all property rights insofar as they relate to what are termed "the instruments of production" things which are owned not for the sake of the satisfaction which the owner derives from them, but for the sake of the income which he obtains by using them in conjunction with labor for the production of salable goods and services.

This view is held by all Communists and a great majority of Socialists, and involves the complete destruction of the present economic system, which is based upon the profit motive. Some Socialists are willing to admit the possibility of a limited amount of free enterprise under the profit motive, though the majority even of Socialists would deny to the free enterpriser the right to employ hired labor in his enterprise. The C.C.F. in Canada, for example, having to seek votes in the prairies, lays great stress on "the family farm," but to the really orthodox that means the farm upon which nobody works but father, mother and children no hired labor. There is reason to suppose, however, that even the very modest vote polled by the C.C.F. in recent elections includes a large number of supporters who have only the dimmest interest in complete Socialism.

THAT overwhelming majority of the Canadian electorate which is still voting for the old parties, and probably a large percentage of the part which votes for Social Credit, are obviously not desirous of any wholesale abolition of property rights. It does not in the least follow that none of these voters are in favor of a diminution, more or less considerable, of the total extent of property rights as they exist today. It would be extremely valuable if we could obtain a survey, based on

samples taken in a large number of different parts of the country, of the real opinions of different kinds of Canadians on the extent to which property rights could advantageously be curtailed. An example of a method by which this could be done and has actually been done in a single United States city, is provided by the volume entitled "Life, Liberty and Property," by Alfred Russel Jones, just published in Canada by Longmans, Green (\$4.50). A summary of the results of this survey was recently published in *Time*, the American luxury magazine, but its full significance can hardly be appreciated without an extended study of the methods employed and set forth in the book.

The town examined was Akron, Ohio, a highly industrialized, busy, dusty town which has experienced violent ups and downs since the development of the rubber industry. Akron seems to afford an excellent example of pure industrialism, except for the one fact that its population is racially much more American than the average. A total of 1,705 persons in Akron, telling of them eight stories involved a fundamental clash of ideas concerning property rights. To each story the interviewee was asked to attach his opinion of the action narrated in the story, and to indicate his approval; I approve but with qualifications; I disapprove but with qualifications; I disapprove. To each answer was attached a marking indicating the degree of its favorableness to property rights. A perfect hostility to property rights on all stories gave a score of zero; a perfect support of all property rights gave a score of 32.

THIS large body of citizens of both sexes and of all sorts of economic status was divided into a number of classes, and while the results for each class are extremely valuable, the results for the whole body are much less so, for no attempt was made to weight the classes in proportion to their numbers in the total population. There was, however, a random sample of 303, picked without any reference to class, which gave extremely interesting results. Of this sample, 154, or almost exactly half, scored less than 12; nearly one-third scored from zero to 3; considerably over one-third were grouped in the middle position with a score ranging from 12 to 23, and one-third scored 24 and upwards. The sample included 9 persons running businesses of their own, 2 "miscellaneous" persons, 2 retired persons, 2 teachers and one other professional person. The number of persons who turned in an absolute zero vote was 33, or 11%; practically all of these were industrial workers who did not represent a major part of their class.

THE general conclusion is that only a very small element of the population of Akron is satisfied with property rights as they are, and that a much larger group at the other end wants a very considerable diminution of them, while a less moderate diminution would be satisfactory to more than two-thirds of the total. It is significant that among the central stories only story which secured a majority vote in favor of property rights was one about a farm mortgage foreclosure, where the anti-property view was represented by a farmer, an urban type with which the industrial worker may have little sympathy. The other stories all related to industrial disputes, except one about a vote against property of the land lot. Without the farm mortgage story this group would have been even more strongly against property than the figures show. I cannot refrain from quoting one of the conclusions drawn by the author in earlier times when things went more actively well, there was little reason why the majority of people in the middle groups, and even a majority of workers, should not allow the business man to speak for them. But our study shows that in Akron he is still speaking an old language that does not now meet the emotional needs of very many besides those of his own kind.

FROM WEEK TO WEEK

Life, Liberty and Property

BY B. K. SANDWELL

Easy to take home... the six-bottle carton

There are only three steps to take to enjoy the flavour of refreshment,—at home. The first step is to buy the handy carton of "Coca-Cola" from your dealer. The second step is to pre-cool the bottles in your refrigerator. The third? Just step up and enjoy a bottle yourself.

YOU TASTE ITS QUALITY

Experience proves that nothing takes the place of quality. You taste the quality of ice-cold "Coca-Cola." Again and again you enjoy the charm of its delicious taste... and its cool, clean after-sense of complete refreshment. Thirst asks nothing more.



THE COCA-COLA COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

Gracious, the Cook Just Dropped the Balkans!

One thing I have always admired about my own sex is the complete sense of social responsibility we have developed over the ages. Men even in company, tend to act directly out of their simple emotions but we women have learned, thank Heaven, to cover up not only our own feelings but the feelings of our guests. If a social emergency turns up—e.g., someone coming in to trespass the radio in the middle of a party—we can still carry on with all the grace and smiling poise of an acrobatic skater balanced on the palm of her partner's hand. We are the ones who say it doesn't matter a particle, we'd meant to get the record field re-covered anyway, so it was really doing us a kindness to leave a live cigarette butt among the cushions. When our husbands are nervous and difficult in company we know how to explain that they act that way because they're really just terribly shy and sensitive.

That's the worst social situation

you can possibly imagine. Take, for instance, the recent visit of Mr. Matsuoka to Berlin. This was one of those occasions when it just seemed as if everything that could happen *did* happen. If ever there was a time when the woman's touch was needed, this was it. We don't know, and probably never will, what actually happened. But it's easy enough to imagine how the situation would have been handled if there had been a Mrs. Adolf Hitler.

THERE isn't any Mrs. Hitler of course, so we'll have to make the case hypothetical. It would go something like this: Mr. Hitler, always a difficult man, would be in one of his very worst moods. There was the Russian note to Turkey, and the Yugoslav trouble and the upset in the Mediterranean. Our imaginary Mrs. Hitler would have all this to contend with, along with those last minute difficulties that every hostess knows; such as Hermann Goering calling up at the last minute to

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

say he couldn't make it which meant tearing down the table and taking out the extra leaf. Etc., etc.

When the moment arrives, however, our hostess is ready for it; smiling and gracious and not a hair out of place. "It's such a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Matsuoka. I want you to meet Mr. Goebbels. You must get a chance to talk to him, you'll love his stories. (In an undertone) I'm so sorry the Yugoslavs couldn't get here. They were detained at the last minute."

Mr. Hitler (furious): The Yugoslavs! Those dirty double-crossing Mrs. Hitler: Darling! You know you like the Yugoslavs. Why they were here only a day or two ago and signed a lovely treaty.

Mr. Hitler: Yeah, and what happened? It bounced!

At this point Mrs. Hitler hurriedly ushers the guests into the dining-room. At the same time she confides to Mr. Matsuoka that he

mustn't mind Adolf, he just talks that way sometimes because he's really terribly sensitive and shy.

AT THE dinner-table everything goes well until a guest is overheard murmuring something about a report from the Balkans.

Mr. Hitler (starting up): Who said a report from the Balkans?

Mrs. Hitler (soothingly): Dear, that wasn't a report, it was just Cook dropping the gravy-boat. (To Mr. Matsuoka) We have the most amusing cook. I call her Amnesia and I'm simply devoted to her.

After that things go swimmingly again, with all the guests matching cook stories, and Mrs. Hitler keeping everything beautifully in hand—telling the maid with one eye-brow not to remove the service plates, telling Adolf with the other for God's sake to say something and not just sit there biting his nails, telling Mr. Matsuoka her very best story about Amnesia—the time she boiled the amaryllis bulbs, telling herself that

if anyone mentions Benito Mussolini she'll scream. And of course someone does and Mrs. Hitler doesn't scream. She just says smiling, "I believe you're going on to the Mussolinis, Mr. Matsuoka. I know you'll like them. I'm simply devoted to them."

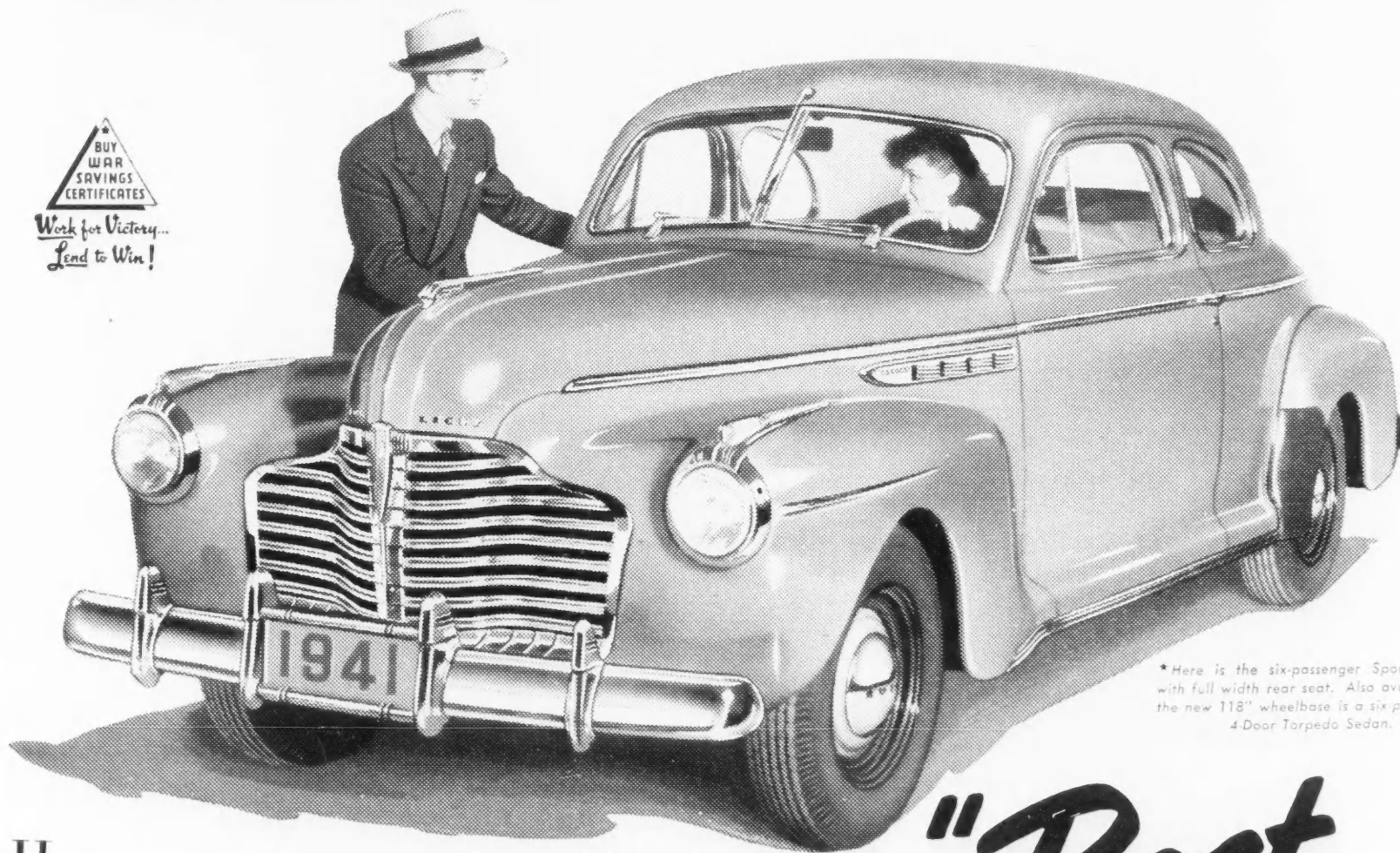
It is Adolf, of course, who screams, "Benito Mussolini, that Mediterranean jerk, that that great big Roman bust!"

At this point Mrs. Hitler quietly slides an elbow over and brushes one of her service plates on the floor. It's practically irreplaceable, but this is the sort of sacrifice we women sometimes have to make.

Mrs. Hitler: Tell me, Mr. Matsuoka, are you interested in rock-gardening?

And so it goes, right through dinner and deep into the evening. And if when the last guest is smilingly dismissed our heroine hurries up to her room to have a nervous breakdown, that is the sort of privilege we women are occasionally entitled to.

Best Buy of the Year!



*Here is the six-passenger Sport Coupe with full width rear seat. Also available in the new 118" wheelbase is a six-passenger, 4-Door Torpedo Sedan.

How's this for big value? This newest of all Buicks at a price that makes it the buy of a lifetime!

And think what you get for your money—the thrilling action of Buick's 115-horsepower FIREBALL engine, the cushioned comfort of soft coil springs all around, the beauty of Buick's new-day style, plus lots of modern features you'd pay extra for elsewhere.

This new Buick is mounted on a 118" wheelbase chassis—so you don't need an over-size garage, and you can park it easily in close quarters. You get top Buick quality concentrated in fewer inches, and pay a lower price for this compactly-built Buick.

For long life and dependability—for thrifter gas mileage—for the best buy of the year—see the new Buicks now.

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M-1041



Help Nature Reduce Fatigue Acids

• Ever wonder why a little unusual exercise makes your muscles so miserably sore and stiff? This overexertion has caused an accumulation of fatigue acids and that causes pain! But, here's good news! Fortunately, most of the muscles affected can be reached by the stimulating action of Absorbine Jr.

Relief! Splash your sore and aching muscles with Absorbine Jr. It speeds the blood flow through these muscles to carry away fatigue acids. This helps reduce swelling, ease pain and stiffness. Then your muscles can relax again. Keep Absorbine Jr. handy. At all drugists, \$1.25 a bottle. **FREE SAMPLE** write W. F. Young, Lyman Building, Montreal, P.Q.

ABSORBINE JR.

Famous also for relieving Athlete's Foot, Sore Muscles, Strains, Bruises

THE HITLER WAR

Britain's Gamble in the Balkans

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

(See map of the Balkans on page 5)

BRITAIN has not plunged into this Balkan campaign with any of the noisy optimism which accompanied her venture into Norway. It is rather painful to think back to those days of the "phony war", when General Ironside had just made a speech sympathizing with Hitler for having only inexperienced military commanders, and none who had occupied responsible positions in the last war, Mr. Chamberlain had just chided Hitler for "missing the bus", and even Mr. Churchill declared that Norway offered Britain a great opportunity. Perhaps it did, but not the way she went about it.

The tenor of the more responsible despatches from London this week is, by contrast, very restrained. "Better another Norway than another Czechoslovakia", one correspondent describes the official attitude towards the Balkan venture. This plainly implies that the risks of failure and another forced evacuation have been recognized and weighed. Top-ranking political and military experts, Eden, Dill and Wavell were sent to the spot, and nevertheless recommended that the risks be taken.

The British Government is gambling, with its eyes open, that the German thrust out of that dangerous south-west corner of Bulgaria can be

held, and a Balkan Front stabilized and supplied. It is gambling on the effect of this in diverting German strength from the Battle of Britain during the next few critical months when Hitler must win if he is ever to do so. It is gambling on Turkey's support, and on the effect on Russia of successful resistance in the Balkans. That is the military side of the calculation. On the political side, the British leaders probably didn't care to contemplate the effect on their national prestige and on their own and American public opinion of "welching" on their considerable moral obligation to the Greeks, and now the Yugoslavs.

Withdrawal from Libya

So we went into Greece in early March, immediately following the German occupation of Bulgaria. At first things developed better than could have been expected. The Germans, held up by the Yugoslavs, did not bomb our forces while they were landing and moving into position. The Italian Navy, attempting to intercept our convoys, received another staggering blow, while Mussolini's big spring offensive in Albania which was to tie down the Greeks, failed miserably. Finally, the Yugoslavs revolted and joined us.

Only one adverse factor developed to balance these, the advantage which the Germans took of the heavy withdrawal of our forces from Libya and the preoccupation of our fleet in conveying them to Greece, to slip several divisions into North Africa—at considerable cost—and recapture most of Cyrenaica. But the sudden ending of our campaign in East Africa will now allow a speedy diversion of forces to the Cyrenaican front, where in any case the oncoming, insufferable summer heat will greatly hamper operations—even by German troops reported to have been specially conditioned in green-houses!

Now a campaign has begun in the Balkans which, if it does not prove decisive, can certainly lengthen or shorten the war. The German plan is apparently to separate the Turks from the Greeks, and the Greeks and British from the Yugoslavs, and then finish them off in reverse order. At the beginning, therefore, the German operations from Bulgaria will bear the most watching, particularly the drive down the Struma against the Vardar and Salonika.

Germans Gambling Too

Here it is the Germans who are gambling. If this drive succeeds it will be a masterstroke; if it fails, the forces which have been poured down the narrow Struma bottleneck may be harassed or even cut off. The Yugoslavs stand on the heights only ten miles from the Struma where it passes through the six-mile Juma Pass, a gorge only wide enough for the highway and a narrow-gauge railroad to crowd in beside the river. This is a particularly attractive place for aerial action against slow-moving, crowded troop-columns, as we found in 1918 when the Bulgarians retreated through here. The Germans may avoid this danger by passing a part of their forces, even the main part, by the adjoining valley of the Mesta. But this carries them further away from Salonika and the Vardar, and would relieve the immediate threat to these places.

Scarcely less threatening is the drive reported under way against Skoplje, from Kustendil. This is plainly an attempt to pinch in the "waist" of Yugoslavia, cut off the main Yugoslav Army in the north and relieve the Italians in Albania. There is fortunately a fairly good depth of defensive territory between Skoplje and the Bulgarian border, and the possibility of British armored

forces, artillery and air support reaching the Yugoslavs is very good here.

Further north the Germans will probably converge from several directions on Nish, which, taking the whole of Yugoslavia into consideration, is perhaps the most strategic point in the country. It may not be possible to hold Nish long, against German attacks up the Morava valley from the region of Belgrade, up the Timok from the picturesque old Danube town of Vidin, where the Germans have one of their great floating spans across the river (built

up of scores of large Danube barges), and through the rugged Dragoman Pass from Sofia. But Nish must be held for several weeks at least, if the main Yugoslav Army is to make good its retirement, with all its equipment, into South Serbia.

If we are to stabilize a Balkan Front, I would say that it would eventually run from the neighborhood of Zara on the Dalmatian coast, through Sarajevo, below Nish, and towards the Juma and Rupel Passes of the Struma. The Vardar-Morava line is the spinal column of that position, carrying the only good rail-

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from the only good and nearby access which we have to the Balkans. The Germans are trying to push through this spinal column at Salonika, just above Salonika, in the Balkans at Skopje, and at the neck, Salonika.

The Germans cut the Vardar from Salonika or take Skopje, all of a weighty Yugoslav route will be lost and we shall be left only the ragged remnants of the Balkan Front, stretching all the way from the Dalmatian coast, through the highlands of Albania, to the neighborhood of Mt. Olympus below Salonika—where we would have a chance of holding the Germans from advancing southwards into Greece. It wouldn't be so much a matter of just a matter of fighting a delaying action along the roads and ways to the coast, to hold up the Germans as long as possible, on the assumption that time must be of the essence to them this year, while waiting the remaining Yugoslav forces gradually around to Greece.

Along the Vardar route, our connections to Yugoslavia are the simplest. There is a branch line railway from Salonika through the Monastir Pass to Bitolj, and a railway, shown on the map, from Bitolj behind Mount Olympus to Strumica. Trucking across from here to Ochrid, there is another railway from Ochrid through the back of the Balkans up to Skopje. On the Dalmatian coast the main highways are shown and there are also a number of ways running a brief distance inland from Durazzo to Tirana, from Scutari to Scutari, from Bar to Dubrovnik, from Dubrovnik to Neksitch. Longer railways run from Dubrovnik in to Sarajevo and Nish, and from Sibenik in a loop around towards Sarajevo. How practicable it would prove to send supply ships so deep into the Balkans is another question, however. The maintenance of any lengthy railway in this region would assume the early elimination of the Germans from Albania.

Attitude of Turkey

A factor which will have a good deal to do with deciding the Battle of the Balkans, but which is still obscure is the attitude of Turkey. The Germans are up to their old game, waiting the Turks strictly alone while they try to polish off the others quickly. If the assurance that the Turks will not take the offensive, the Germans have apparently concentrated most of their forces in Bulgaria in the west and south-west, leaving Bulgarian troops facing Turkey. The Turks have no armored divisions and don't want to see their army parcelled up like the Poles. If it could retreat to the carefree prepared, short and powerful defence across the neck of the Gallipoli Peninsula and at Chatrak, about 25 miles outside of Istanbul. The Sea of Marmora, controlled by the Turkish Navy, is used in this strategic scheme to link the two sea lines of land defence. There is, however, some talk of Turkey declaring war on Germany and allowing the R.A.F. and perhaps some of Wavell's armored troops to operate from her soil. As I write we have not

yet heard from Wavell or his army numbering "scores of thousands." I rather fancy they are being held for a strategic counter-thrust, at the first sign that the Germans are over-extending themselves. Wavell ought to prove the keenest opponent the German General Staff have met in this war; but his brains can't make up entirely for the woeful lack of heavy equipment among his small allies.

Should Russia, who has announced a friendship pact with Germany's latest enemy (and brought an angry blast on the German radio about "Communist" activity in the Balkans) make a deal with the Japanese to clear her rear in Asia, and begin to make militant gestures in Bessarabia, German strength might

be drawn off in that direction. But that is just a little too much to hope for. There remains the effect of the relieving offensive of the R.A.F. along the Channel front in holding the German fighter strength there. If the Germans were allowed, with their interior lines of communication and well-prepared system of aerodromes in Hungary, Roumania and Bulgaria, to transfer their main fighter force to the new battlefield, they might obtain a crushing superiority over the relatively few squadrons which we can maintain there—but which have, to date, given a splendid account of themselves. How quickly or how deeply our fighters will move into Yugoslavia is a question which may have to await its answer until the immediate German

threat to the Vardar and Skopje is averted.

The Germans didn't want this Battle of the Balkans. Having engaged it, they are determined to get it over quickly, to spare their supplies of grain, minerals and oil all through this region, to "punish" the Yugoslavs and Greeks for defying them, and to inflict another "Dunkirk" on the British, as Hitler has called on his troops to do in his order of the day opening the Balkan campaign. He won't get a "Dunkirk" at Salonika, in any case, as we have not made that too-vulnerable port our main base, as in the last war. Our main base is far behind this port, at Athens, which the Germans will never reach, no matter what else they capture.

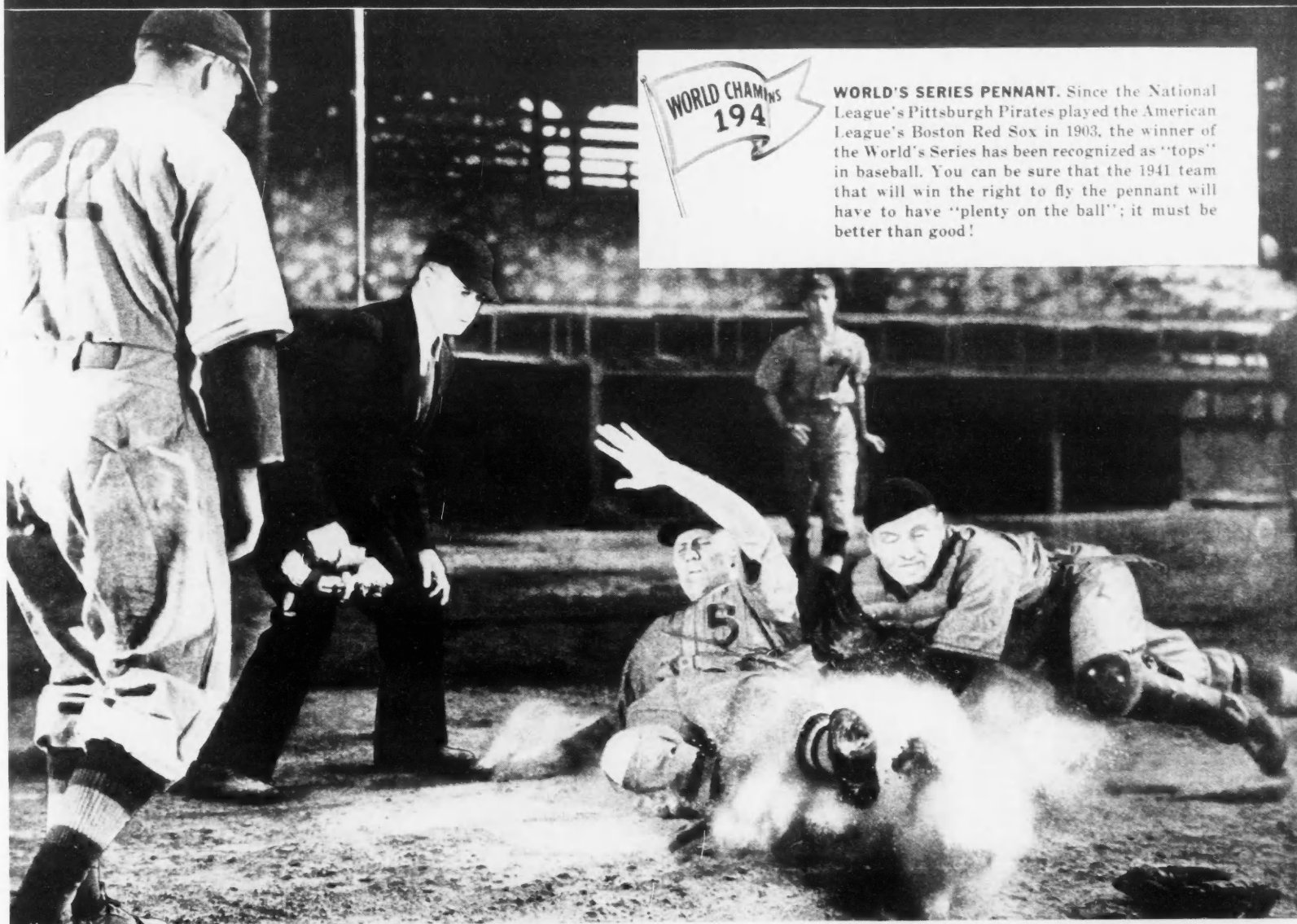
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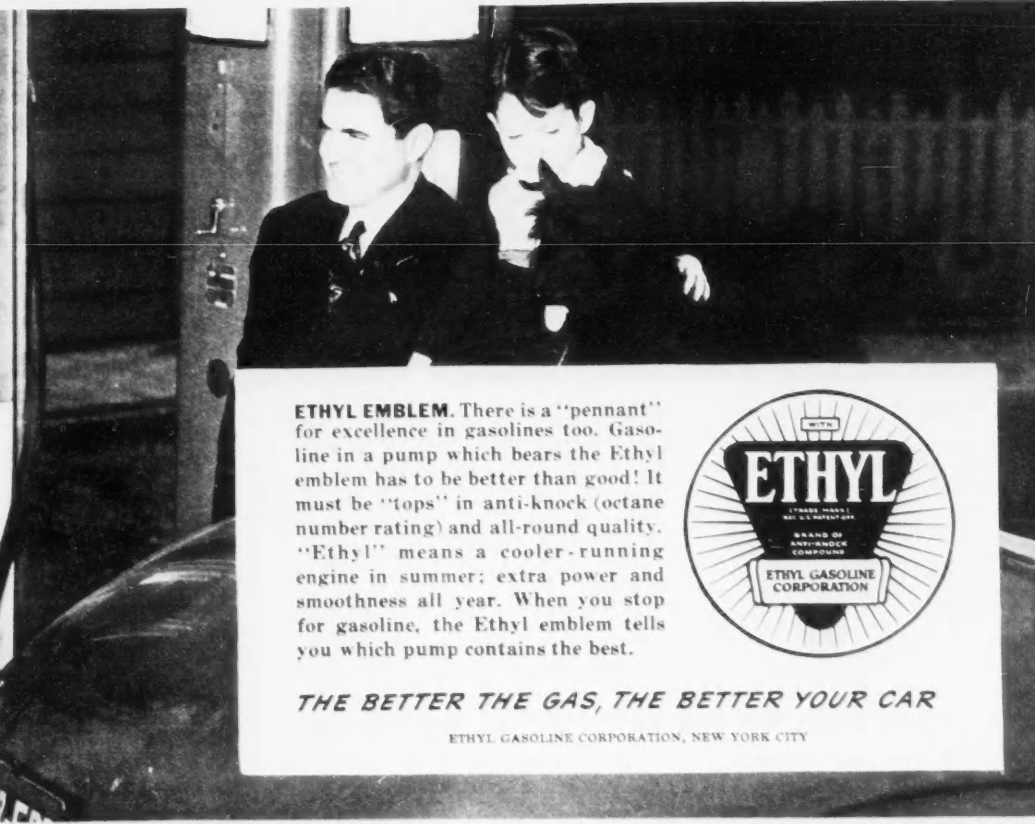
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WORLD'S SERIES PENNANT. Since the National League's Pittsburgh Pirates played the American League's Boston Red Sox in 1903, the winner of the World's Series has been recognized as "tops" in baseball. You can be sure that the 1941 team that will win the right to fly the pennant will have to have "plenty on the ball"; it must be better than good!



At the Royal Alex, Toronto, the San Carlo Opera opens April 28. Coe Glade is seen here as Carmen.

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THE SCIENCE FRONT

Oh Doctor, I'm Yawning!

BY H. DYSON CARTER

tired. The action is swell. Getting there and back is terrible. Like staring at the ceiling for five hours."

Finally came certain chronic cases. In hospital. There the clinicians took charge. "Ah!" these medicos said. "Fatigue is nothing but oxygen deficiency. Also some beta-oxy-butyric acid." Then Professor Haldane got himself tired out by breathing carbon dioxide, and that started up a whole new school of Weary Willie men. Right now the physiologists are agreed on one thing: very little is known about simple bodily processes like breathing and blood flow. Discoveries are coming thick and fast.

Real and Unreal Fatigue

What is fatigue? The only sensible definition yet found is that you're weary when you want to quit and do something else. That fits every case. And don't for heaven's sake, ever say carelessly, "I'm feeling tired." Maybe you mean "I'm sensorially tired." It seems that feeling and sensation are two different kinds of tiredness.

After thirty-six holes of golf you have certain definite sensations in your feet and legs as you creak up the clubhouse steps. That is a genuine fatigue sensation. Something happened in your muscles. They've sent a complaint to your brain. Years ago scientists thought fatigue poisons, or "kenotoxins," or even lactic acid, were produced in muscles by hard work. Today this idea is in the doghouse. What does take place in the blood, muscles and nerves during effort is now quite as much a mystery as the private life of a Tibetan monk. Says the Surgeon General of the United States Army: "Fatigue is a phenomenon of changed physiochemical relationship." Only three definite facts are known. When you have sensations of tiredness your blood pressure changes, the carbon dioxide in your tissues increases, and your white cell count rises. Feel better?

Feeling fatigued is something different. Here psychology takes over. For example, a dive bomber pilot who has laid a TNT egg squarely in a German admiral's lap—and has pictures showing the admiral's annoyance at five thousand feet—will get home wondering if England was moved while he was away, the return trip being so quick and pleasant. A pal who ran into a fog on the same flight and had to come back with all bombs in the racks, will demand liniment and a masseur. Still another pilot who got cuffed around by some Messerschmidts will be so pepped up by madness that he'll take the airport gymnasium apart. All this adds up to a very complex conclusion. Your brain can make you "feel" tired.

You Mustn't Believe It

The discovery here is that the state of feeling tired can be changed instantly by the proper brain stimulation. A blaring military band arouses most people faster than sitting down on a bent pin. Such is not the case with sensation weariness. A runner who has just clipped ten seconds off the 100 yard dash is in no mood to get up and cheer, even if the Grenadier Guards are tootling past the shower room.

Right now the psychologists and physiologists are good and mad at each other. It happened one night when some guinea pig pilots came in from long flights. One group had covered 1200 miles of familiar skyway. The others had made a similar run over a strange route. The former men were bored, weary, dull. The latter reported full of pep and interest.

"See? We told you!" the psychologists said. "Weariness is mental." "Yeah?" the medical measurers

sneered. They got out their physiological calipers and tape. Results were amazing. The fliers on the familiar trip felt tired, but they weren't. Laboratory tests proved these men were in good shape. The peppy lads fell down badly. They thought they had plenty in reserve, but actually the unfamiliar flight had worn them out. You can't believe yourself when it comes to weariness.

Psychologists got deeper into hot water with their fatigue studies made during peace time. They had types such as "Industrial Fatigue", "Athletic Fatigue" and "Initiative Fatigue". Military medicine has shot this classification full of holes. The industrial worker today is part athlete, part machine, part thinker. Airmen, too, get tired every way there is. So for hockey and football players. Even office workers have complex fatigue patterns.

All the research has not been one sided. The psychology camp scored a victory with a beautiful little experiment. A healthy young man's finger muscles were made to lift a weight by stimulation with electric shocks. Thus the mind had no control over the movements, and the muscles became exhausted after a definite number of motions. A few days later the same youth was given a long classroom examination (oral, not written), following which the muscle test was repeated. Result: the fingers could do only one-quarter the amount of work previously recorded.

Brain Work and Muscles

This upset the medical apple cart. How is it possible for purely mental effort to reduce the body's work capacity? Research is now away on a wild chase to find the answer. Of course you and I can see here a scientific verification for a very old truth. Brain workers do get tired in body and soul.

Few medical problems have ever been so confused as this business of

FAME AND GLORY

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Fame is a worldly gift; its beauties perish; Turned at a whim, to pay the price of art, A crown for the head is fame, but the gold of glory Mantles the heart.

Victoria, B.C. R. H. GRENVILLE.

fatigue. The psychologists themselves are split wide open. Apparently there are two camps, the Naughty School and the Comrade Pavlovs. This terminology is your reporter's contribution to the field.

The Naughty School stems from Freud. This being a family column, all we can say is that if you are chronically weary it may not be something you ate, but what you saw when you were three years old and climbed on a dictionary to look through the keyhole. That has been worrying you. Stuffing your own keyhole won't help. What will help is rather obscure. You are probably more popular the way you are, anyway.

The Comrade Pavlovs are not financed by Moscow gold. Any boring from within they do is inside dogs and cats. They have a theory of weariness which Walt Disney should make into a horror picture. According to this view, you have evolved from the apes but your brain is still back home with Tarzan. Every time a motorist honks his horn, this primeval brain thinks a Dinosaur is barking. The man at

the next table crunching celery is a Pterodactyl after you. In other words, countless sounds and sights grate on our nerves like prehistoric warnings, giving us jungle jitters. This wears us out.

The only hope offered by this school is to soundproof and blackout the world. Aviation research must look elsewhere for fatigue remedies. Weariness is one of the air war's critical problems, and already there are rumors of important discoveries. In America these are going to be made available to civilians, as part of the industrial defense program. We expect to report on one or two very soon.

FIFTY years ago, medical men frankly didn't know why human beings got tired. Today they still don't know. But not quite so frankly. Now there are too many theories explaining fatigue.

The war is quickly cleaning up this confusion. When air battles began in earnest, flight surgeons had hundreds of weary fliers on their hands. What to do? Psychologists, physiologists—maybe even numerologists—were called in. These boys are still arguing. Meanwhile Air Force doctors went ahead quizzing the aviators.

Spitfire pilots laughed cynically. "Brother," they said, "just shove one

of these ships around for a couple of hours and see if you think life begins at three hundred and forty miles per hour!" Clearly, pursuit pilots wore out because of brute strain.

Long distance bomber crews voted differently. "Boredom makes us

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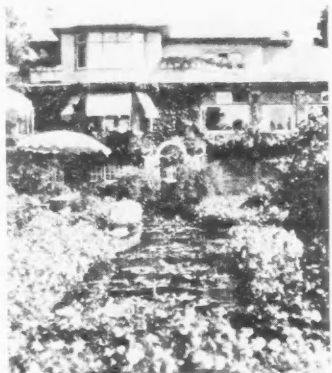
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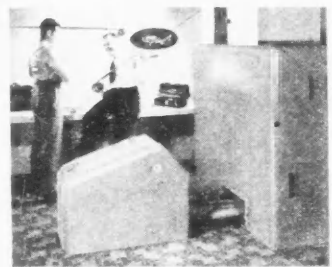
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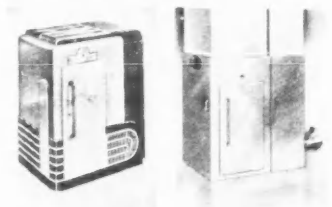


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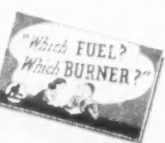


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★ **More Rubber On Road.** Larger tires with wider tread give smoother riding—firmer grip for starting and stopping—and increased security on curves.



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YOU SEE a lot of Mercurys around the airports. Flying folks say, "It's a sweetheart of a car." And no wonder Mercury gets a warm greeting where the big birds come down to earth—for this young car is typical of the spirit of aviation. ★ New, modern, and different from all the rest, it's in the tempo of today—in style, in luxury, in construction, in action. ★ Mercury is big and spacious—with deep, wide, comfortable seats and plenty of head room and leg room. Long, slow-motion springs ease

the toughest going. ★ Mercury is precision-balanced—has big, wide tires that give it mule-footed sureness when rounding sharp curves and greater steadiness on slippery roads. ★ Motorists take their hats off to the smooth-running V-8 power plant, for its amazing thrift and dependable performance. Why not see for yourself just how much more value—how much more pride and big-car thrill you get in Mercury for just a little more than the cost of the lowest-priced cars. *And remember, operating costs are astonishingly low!*



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One of the most persistent principles of German mentality has been the idea that a subject people can be made to throw off its traditions, ideals and convictions at a word of Teutonic command.

Germany is now striving to extend German kultur to Alsace. Alsatian books have been suppressed, and now the order has gone forth that in future the Alsatian people shall talk only German.

Turning Alsations Into Bad Germans

BY JOHN HASSALL

IN THE last war we heard a lot about German Kultur, that warped sophistry which proclaimed the pre-eminence of the German race and proceeded to give the world a taste of its quality by systematically bombarding the ancient cathedral of Rheims. In the wars of religion in the past; in the struggles for a real nationalism in the eighteenth century, that same legend was still there. Only the German mattered.

In this war the idea has run riot over half Europe, taking the form of "protection" of weaker people against themselves and their own thoughts.

The experiment will fail as all experiments based on *force majeure* ultimately fail. But in the process the world is being given a fantastic lesson in defective psychology.

Here is the latest effort of German stupidity. The most casual student of this history of mankind is immediately aware of the tenacity with which people hold on to their language. We have first hand evidence of this in the case of Eire where tremendous endeavors have been made to bring Erse into universal currency once more. In Wales there is a

distinct nationalist movement on the ancient language. And time to time we poor English-speaking people have to turn to an station while news is broadcasted in Gaelic. Ordinary people look at language as something rather sacred. No so Germans. The order has gone forth that in future the inhabitants of Alsace must cease from speaking their local dialect and talk only German.

There has been typical German thoroughness in the attempt to carry over this latest decree. Alsatian books have been suppressed, and signs have been obliterated. No longer may local names be given to local dishes in the menu cards of Strasbourg restaurants. Also, of course speaking French is *strengstens verboten*.

A Grotesque Situation

It is a grotesque situation, for Alsatian dialect is a language of its own. The vast majority of the Alsations know no other tongue, and a very few speak German or French, as visitors to those Vosges mountains know to their dire inconvenience. So for the time being the fair people must be looked on as inarticulate. The Germans will one day have to reckon with the resentment of the people for trying to stifle their means of expression and obliterate their own small but peculiar local culture.

In the unhappy years between the two European wars there were many attempts to exterminate the speaking of native languages. In the Free City of Danzig the local Nazis persecuted any who spoke Polish. The Poles retaliated by trying to drive all the Germans from the "corridor" and proscribing the speaking of German.

There was also a bitter war of language in Silesia. Although this was once described by Frederick the Great as the greatest Prussian province and the fairest prize of all the long wars, the inhabitants continued to speak a strange tongue called "wasser" Polish, or "water" Polish. It was neither German, nor Polish, and was unintelligible to both, but the natives who lived between Oppeln and Gleiwitz. When the Nazis came into power a determined attempt was made to introduce German. It failed. The inhabitants were good Nazis, but they could not get on with German at all, and for a time, they were allowed to continue talking their own dialect undisturbed. Hitler might have learned a lesson from this experiment and he set about Germanizing Alsace.

In the days when Rumania occupied the greater part of Transylvania, the Magyar language, which was almost universal, was proscribed in the most outrageous manner. It was a penal offence to speak Hungarian language or to send children, even if you were a Magyar, to a Magyar speaking school. In spite of it all Magyar education flourished, for persecution defeats its own purpose in the end.

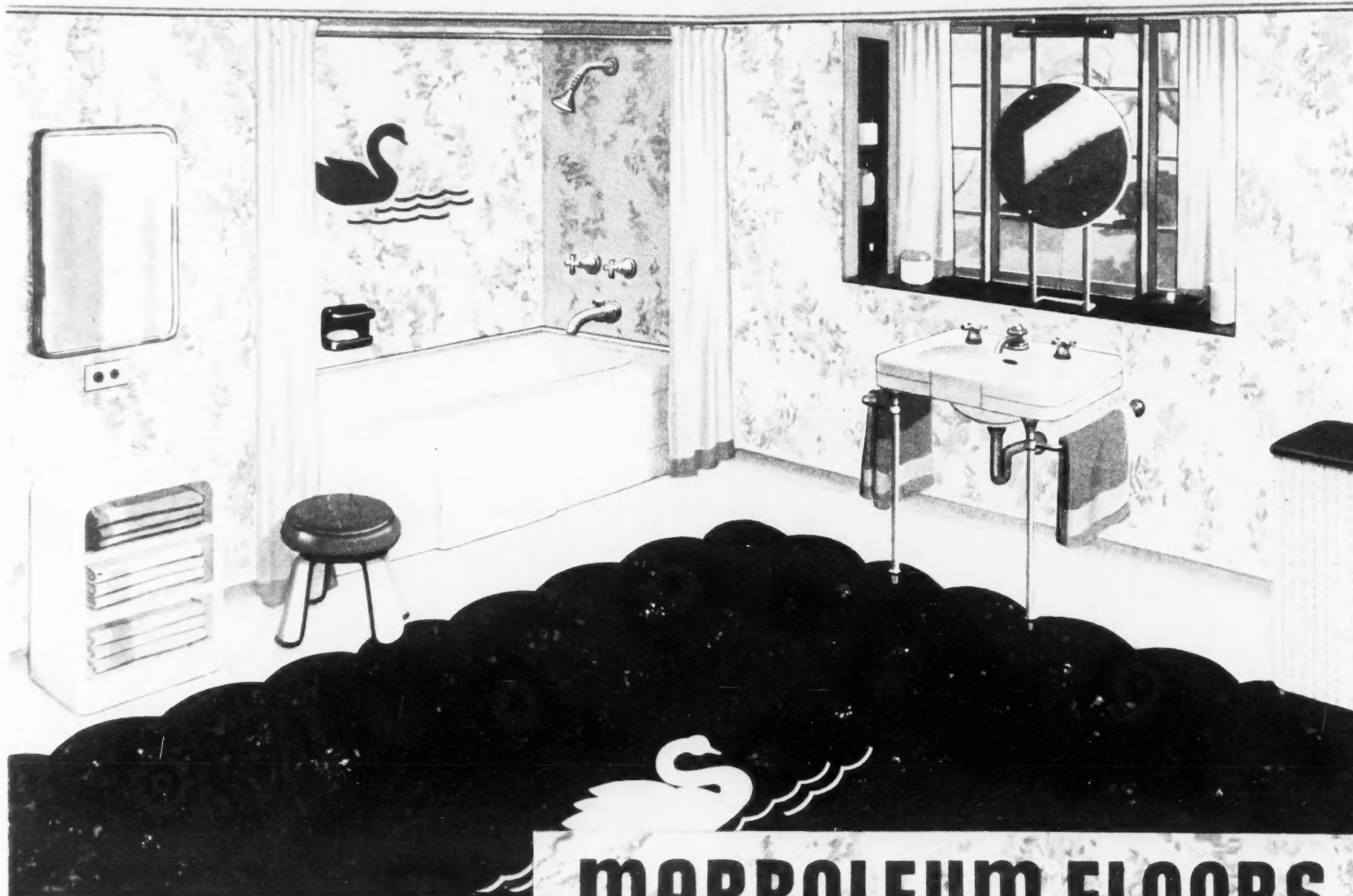
Mussolini's Effort

Mussolini also had to face the bitterness of defeat in this language question. When the Italians and the towns of Merano and Bozen were handed over to the Germans, the inhabitants were almost entirely German-speaking. The Duce ordered the names of all the towns and villages. German was proscribed and severest penalties inflicted. In one town one heard talking German in the streets. The poor peasants were ordered to speak Italian forthwith, and a word of command Mussolini had acquired the power of the gods of tongues. It was pathetic to see the stranger in wandering among these lovely mountains and valleys approach the natives and try to converse with them. They had no Italian. They were not allowed to speak German. A countryside was almost inarticulate.

Now I suppose with the coming of German infiltration it is almost as severe an offence to be found talking Italian in those same parts.



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Costly? Not a bit; much lower in fact than you think. And, what is often important, by arrangement with your bank, you can pay for these fine floors out of income, month by month so that you do not notice the outlay.

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The floor of this lovely bathroom was readily achieved, using Marbleum. Pattern M is for the field and floor. Dominion Building Co. Ltd. for motif and border effect. Walls have Muroleum Pattern 811.



SASKATCHEWAN may be the last place in the world a self-respecting Easterner or a satisfied British Columbian would choose to live in. They may like the people, but heaven preserve them from the dust storms, the blizzards, the bare, flat plains, the howling blizzards of winter that are commonly associated with this rugged western province. But, despite these obvious disadvantages, we manage to keep pretty healthy, and we have the figures to prove it.

Saskatchewan's Minister of Health is a dignified and forceful Dr. J. M. Uhrich, who, he has often declared, hopes the epitaph on his tombstone will be "Used pasteurized milk." He has held this important governmental post for fourteen years now, off and on since 1922, and when he delivered his annual report on the state of the province's health in the legislature recently he proved convincingly that in some respects at least Saskatchewan is the healthiest province in the Dominion.

Dr. Uhrich was particularly proud of the record in regard to tuberculosis. Saskatchewan has a well-organized Anti-Tuberculosis League, with an efficiently-operated sanatorium at Fort San in the Qu'Appelle valley, and also stresses preventive work. As a result of this well-planned war on T.B., Saskatchewan's death rate per 100,000 persons from this disease is only 24.6, the lowest in the Dominion and, more important still, in the world. The average for Canada is 52.8, while in Quebec, where the death rate is highest in the Dominion, 83.5 per 100,000 died in the year under consideration, 1939. Dr. Uhrich, in stressing the importance of fighting T.B. during wartime, gave the interesting information that, while nearly 65,000 Canadians gave their lives in France in the Great War, 65,000 more died in Canada from the "white scourge."

It is, however, in its fight against maternal mortality that Saskatchewan's record really shines. And it

BOND

THIS is the bond, from year to year
Both of us cherish, son and I;
Not gratitude, respect, not fear—
When have these made a living tie?

THIS is the bond, and it will wear
Resilient through life and after:
The precious memories we share—
The warmth of joyous, blended laughter!

MAY RICHSTONE.

must be remembered that this is a young country, where babies are plentiful. For all Canada in 1938, the last year for which figures are available, the maternal mortality rate was 4.2 per 1,000 living births, the lowest rate ever recorded in Canada. Dr. Uhrich pointed out, for Saskatchewan the deaths per 1,000 were far below this at 2.5, a figure equaled by only one other province, Prince Edward Island. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, with 4.2 and 4.6 respectively, were close to the Dominion average, while Manitoba, another western province, followed Saskatchewan closely with 2.9 deaths per 1,000 living births.

Not a Mother Died

Most remarkable of all were the figures for Saskatoon and Regina, Saskatchewan's two major cities. In Saskatoon, with 885 births in 1938, "not one single mother died," Dr. Uhrich stressed. In Regina, with 1,370 births, the death rate was 0.7. It has been ascertained since Dr. Uhrich gave these 1938 figures that there have been no maternal deaths in Regina for either 1939 or 1940. Ottawa, with 6.1 and Verdun, Que., with 4.3 deaths, had the poorest record of cities over 40,000 population. Statistics given by Dr. Uhrich were from a report issued by Dr. Ernest Conture, chief of the child and maternal hygiene division, Ottawa.

Saskatchewan also conducts a war to the death on cancer (although due to its younger average population deaths from this disease are below the average) and pays particular attention to the health of its children. Out of a total appropriation for the department of health in the 1940-41 fiscal year of \$1,730,000, a sum of

PRAIRIE LETTER

Plains Life Is Healthy

BY GALEN CRAIK

\$740,000 was spent in grants to hospitals and \$34,064 was distributed in maternity grants. School nurses visited 754 schools during the year and gave routine health inspections to 24,794 children, a substantial increase over figures for the previous year. Senior boys and girls in towns and villages are given instruction in home nursing, first aid and accident prevention, such classes being conducted in 148 schools with 3,742 pupils attending.

Another important function of the health department, Dr. Uhrich explained, was that of care of the eyes. "No child in Saskatchewan," he declared, "need suffer from defective vision because of financial inability on the part of his parents to provide the necessary correction. Every case reported receives immediate attention through our plan of co-operation with the Canadian National Institute for the Blind." Last year 246 such cases were given medical attention.

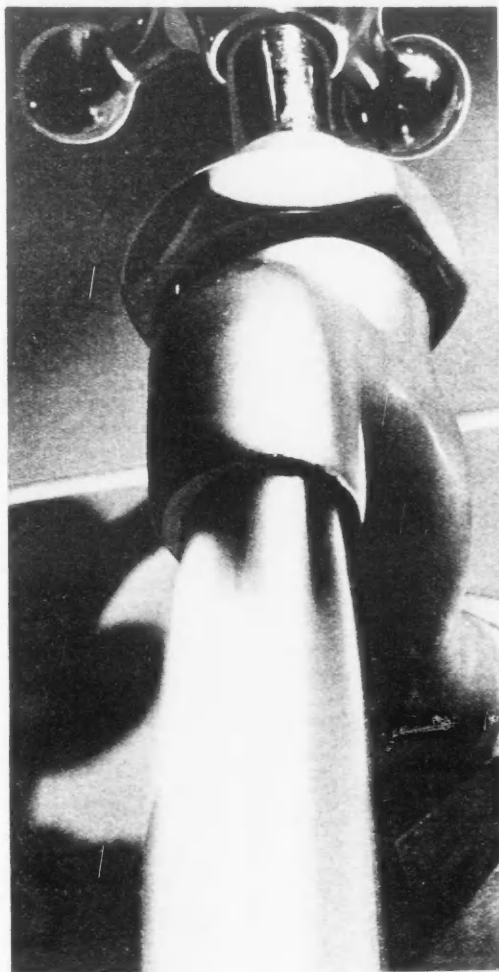
Dr. Uhrich himself, under whose skilled guidance Saskatchewan's slender resources are being stretched to the limit to provide essential health services, is a colorful personality. Born in Bruce county, Ont., in 1877, he is the son of an Alsatian who fought with the French army during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. He was first elected to the provincial legislature by the northern constituency of Rosthern in 1921 and has represented that riding steadily since. Rt. Hon. C. A. Dunning, at that time premier of Saskatchewan, made him Minister of Health in 1922, a position he held until 1929, when the Liberal party was ousted from power by the Anderson Co-operative government. Dr. Uhrich held his seat, however, and when the Liberals were returned in 1934 again became the health department's boss, where he has remained ever since.



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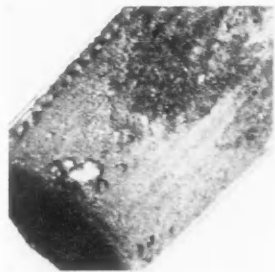
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War's Mounting Millions

BY JOHN ENGLAND

Britain's national debt was only £649,000,000 in 1914. On March 31 last year it stood at £9,046,807,610 and has been rising rapidly since. It costs Britain £230,000,000 a year just to service this debt!

This article shows how and why the cost of war has increased in the past two centuries.

Credit of one hundred million pounds. This was looked upon as an enormous figure as short a time ago as that and nobody at the beginning of that struggle realized it was destined to be a mere drop in the bucket. In the end the War Governments of 1914-18 had to spend the gigantic sum of £8,417,000,000. As a result the National Debt went up by leaps and bounds to unprecedented figures.

The Napoleonic Wars were comparatively cheap for France, for the total worked out at £255,000,000. We had to move large armies about in those days as now, and therefore had to foot a far bigger bill. The total cost of the Crimean War was approximately £313,000,000. Of this Russia paid £142,000,000, France £93,000,000, and Britain £78,000,000, so that on this occasion we came off best. The weekly expenditure for the nation then ran at well under three-quarters of a million pounds. America's Civil War cost that nation some £1,600,000 a week. After the Franco-German War of 1870-71, France, as the loser, had to pay the victors (as she is paying again now) £316,000,000, or over £7,000,000 a week. Britain's war in South Africa cost £1,500,000 a week, and considering its scale this was high, for only towards the end of the war with Japan a year or two later Russia was spending more than a million a week.

The Last War

The World War cost Britain such gigantic sums because she financed the cost of the war to her Allies to a large extent, Russia and France being the principal debtors. But other factors bulked large in the cause, among them being the far higher cost of materials and the high wages paid to the workers. A man in 1914 was often earning as many pounds for a week's labor as his ancestor was shillings during the Napoleonic Wars. Another big factor was the enormously higher costs of equipping armies and navies, not to mention the new aerial arm. Up until the Boer War almost the only weapons a soldier needed were a gun and perhaps a sword, and it was often possible for an army to live on the country through which it was passing.

Costs are startlingly different now, and they are much higher than they were even during the World War since armies have become mechanized. It was said then that for every man in the front line seven were needed to maintain him there. Some authorities estimate that today more like 20 men, munition workers and those engaged in maintaining vehicles and getting up supplies, are necessary. A statistical survey based on data prepared for the former Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir John Simon, throws interesting light on the annual costs of the British fighting men.

Costs Per Man

The Army: to feed, clothe, doctor, train, quarter, and transport plus the cost of guns, small arms, trench warfare supplies, tanks, and administrative services £600 per man. Royal Air Force: food, clothing, training, etc., £400, plus about £1,600 per man for planes and equipment, making an annual total of at least £2,000 for every airman. Royal Navy: food, training, etc., about £140 per annum, plus an estimate of £364 or more a man for armaments, ships, and repairs, for an annual total of £504 for each sailor,

excluding new ships. These figures were drawn up a year ago, and it is more than probable that by now the figures are below the true ones. The war bill is certain to run into tens of thousands of millions.

The National Debt stood at £9,046,807,610 on March 31 last year, the highest in British history. In 1914 it stood at only £649,000,000. The nation is paying some £230,000,000 a year as the cost of interest and management on the country's astronomical debt. If it is permitted to get very much bigger this annual cost will rise in proportion. It is for this reason that far-sighted economists hope Britain will finance this war as far as possible out of current taxation. If not, the next generation will be faced with crippling burdens. On the other hand Britishers can take comfort from the fact that whereas Germany long ago unravelled her full economic reserves, even now Britain is nowhere near the peak of her war effort. Germany is certain to succumb in the end, Dr. Necker, a former German officer, in his book "Germany Can't Win," tells us that the Nazi doctrine of self-sufficiency has created new weaknesses, both moral and economic.

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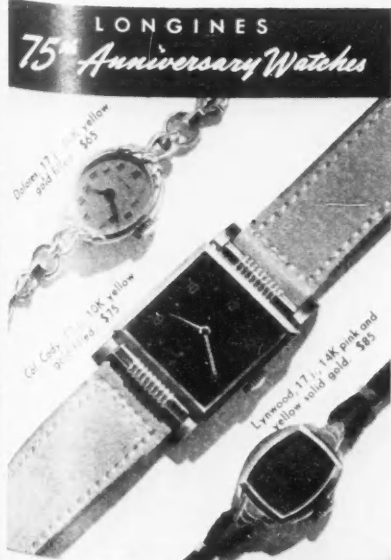
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THE BOOKSHELF

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Easter Meditation On Sholem Asch

WHAT I BELIEVE, by Sholem Asch. Thomas Allen, \$2.50.

THE inward sense of guilt and unworthiness from which most of us suffer never makes itself more sharply felt than in time of war. Then our sins of omission and commission present themselves to us in a horrifying but flatteringly lurid light. We yearn for repentance, and as we are loath to keep a good thing to ourselves, we want others to repent also. So far our sentiments are admirable and universal in their appeal, but it is when we begin to specify the sins and to lay down the manner of repentance that dissent arises and wigs are on the green.

Sholem Asch thinks that Man can only be saved by a humble return to God, an opinion which few would

care to dispute. But to what God? To the God of Abraham, Isaac and Israel, says Sholem Asch. Many people will dispute this, and still others will say Why return? Why must we always return to God and never move forward toward Him? And to which of the many aspects of the Hebrew God revealed in the Old Testament are we to make this return?

The celebrated Jewish author's replies to these queries are, to put it mildly, unsatisfactory. He begins his book with a proof of the existence of God, and this is his first error, for he does not do it well. After reading his discussion of 'instinct and intuition' no one of Mr. Asch's readers will differ by a jot from the opinion he held before. We knew that Mr. Asch believes in God and a sim-

ple statement of that belief would have been more impressive than these pages of weak metaphysics and pseudo-scientific argument. Having proved the existence of God to his own satisfaction he goes on to an equally unsatisfying discussion of faith. Anyone who has barked his shins on the Aberdeen granite of the Shorter Catechism will find Mr. Asch an evasive and often sentimental religious theorist.

Having condemned those who disagree with him as 'impotent of faith,' Mr. Asch proceeds to prove that faith and democracy are the same thing, and that Hebraism and Christianity, both worshipping the same God, are a virtual unity. He throws a crumb of comfort to those of his readers whose heads are swimming by explaining that grace, and not intelligence, is what is wanted to procure faith, and presumably, to follow his argument. The more sinewy-minded of Mr. Asch's readers will be entertained by his notion that it does not require much brains to be good.

Although he is generous in providing loopholes for believers, Sholem Asch is intolerant of those who are 'impotent of faith.' He denies flatly that humanitarianism and atheism are reconcilable, though he does not hesitate to get Voltaire on his side when he can. He speaks condescendingly of Greek philosophy as 'not endowed with joy,' and 'devoid of hope,' though he must know very well that the hopeless element in Greek thought began when it was first tinged with Jewish and other Oriental influences.

Sholem Asch is deserving of respect as a pious Jew, but as a prophet calling for the repentance of the world, and particularly of America, he simply does not carry enough guns. His puritanical repudiation of

Hellenic influences in our culture is courageous, but it is also outrageous. His placing the blame for the sufferings of his race upon all other races evokes our pity but not our concurrence. Sincere, and indeed heartfelt, though this book is it remains only what its title promises—the personal belief of Sholem Asch. He would not have published it if he had not hoped that it would draw other people to that belief, but the book is not strong enough or great enough to do so. We are, the author says, in those twilight days which, to the Hebrews, herald the coming of the true Messiah; let us hope that He does not bring with Him the faith of Sholem Asch. It would be a pity to destroy the tyranny of totalitarianism only to replace it with the tyranny of Hebraic puritanism.

Last Stories

NOT BY STRANGE GODS, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Macmillan, \$3.00.

THIS book closes the career of Elizabeth Madox Roberts, who died shortly before it was published. In 1922 she produced a volume of verse, *Song In The Meadow*, which attracted favorable attention, and she followed it with *The Time of Noon*, a novel of distinction. Since then she has written a few more novels, some verse and two volumes of short stories, of which the book under review is the second. Her prose work was marked by an extremely personal and poetic use of language, and her choice of subject showed a fondness for subtleties and shades of feeling. These characteristics prevented her from achieving any wide popularity, but she had the admiration of a considerable group of judicious readers.

This last volume has both the virtues and the faults of her art. The six stories are written with unusual skill and beauty, but the reader must often feel that a more direct approach to the subject would have been better. Only in *The Hallowed Palace* and *Hole Me* does manner and matter blend perfectly. Admirers of Miss Roberts' work will find all that they prize most highly in this, her last collection.

Witches' Dance

BY JACK ANDERS

AMBASSADOR DODD'S DIARY. Edited by William E. Dodd Jr. and Martha Dodd Harcourt, Brace, \$4.50.

BANKERS, politicians, bankers, diplomats, bankers, businessmen, Germans, Nazis, murderers—in endless procession they file past the reader, presented by a man who looks at them with the philosophy of one who is high above the loves and hatreds of most of them because the loves and hatreds of most of them are unclear, and he was an upright man.

One cannot always agree with his historical judgments nor with his opinions of persons. But that only heightens the value of the book, for it leads one to appreciate the diary not only for what it says but also for what it does not say. Not that Dodd wanted to withhold anything; he often made statements about controversial issues which at the time they were made probably contained everything that could be said then. But they did not contain everything that can be said now or that will have to be said when the German archives will be opened after the defeat of the Nazis. Dodd gives, indirectly, many pointers to things which will have to be carefully analyzed then, and it is possible, or even probable, that his diary may become a revelation, if the pointers are followed up by governments and historians.

The book being a diary it has, of course, no hero in the ordinary sense in which books have heroes. But one is tempted to find a hero in it, a person who appears on almost every page of it: Dr. Schacht. In the end Dodd learned confidentially from high Nazi officials that Schacht was heading the list of their next killings, and he apparently tried to procure Schacht the presidency of an American bank. Schacht was overjoyed. But then he said something which made Dodd ruefully enter in his diary that he did not think, after all, Schacht would make a good American. Anyway, Dodd left Berlin uneasy about Schacht's fate.

After three years in Berlin Dodd sadly saw that all anti-Nazi Germans in high positions, whom he had again and again called "These poor Germans," had made their peace with the Hitler regime and become complete tools of the "Führer." He extended the first part of this statement to all foreign diplomats in Berlin, including his own staff. All diplomats, that is, with the exception of those who represented smaller European countries.

He left Berlin a deeply sad man.

The editors of the diary confined themselves to selecting the entries to be published, and to making explanatory interpolations in the text. We think they carried their piety too far by letting stand a number of mistakes which might easily occur to

a man jotting down entries in a personal diary. For instance, the German Emperor Frederick III (father of William of Doorn), who in Dodd's opinion might have democratized and demilitarized Germany if he had lived longer, was on the throne not for a year but for ninety-nine days. The composer Richard Strauss is not an Austrian but a Bavarian. Field Marshal Goering is not a doctor of philosophy but a mass murderer. The name of the French armaments works is not Schneider Crusot but Schneider Creusot. The German town of Karlsruhe is not on the Rhine but some distance east of it. There are—a tribute to Dodd's unsnobishness—not many German quotations in the book. A few of them are correct.

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THE BOOKSHELF

For The Heart

MANSION HOUSE OF LIBERTY,
by Phyllis Bottome, McClelland &
Stewart, \$3.00.

A GREAT number of books about the war are being produced at present. Some are written to give information and some to strengthen the morale of those peoples like ourselves who, though far from the conflict, are deeply concerned with its outcome. Of this latter group Phyllis Bottome's *Mansion House of Liberty* is by far the best that I have seen. She has put all the skill which has brought her fame as a novelist into the writing of this account of Britain at war; it is obviously directed at the people of the United States, and will undoubtedly do our cause much good there. Almost everyone, rich or poor, high or low, who reads this book will be deeply stirred by it; it is, like all Miss Bottome's writings, particularly rich in that quality which film-experts call 'Heart-Appeal'. But it is not always sufficiently stocked with Head-Appeal.

Among the American people there are many millions of kind hearts, but there are also some hundreds of thousands of excellent heads. The British have been behaving like heroes for almost two years, but they acted like a lot of numbskulls for twenty years before that. It might be wise to assure our American

friends that the Empire is not going to relapse into political cretinism as soon as we have won the war. Miss Bottome, or somebody equally competent, ought to assure the American people that the heroes of today will go on hitting on all twelve cylinders when the war is over.

It is also unwise for Miss Bottome to ride her hobbies with quite so much spirit in a book which is meant to speak for the whole of Britain. She is a pupil of Alfred Adler, and as such she combines a vitiated form of psycho-analysis with a large dose of Christian Liberalism. Adlerians are commonly people of high moral character and deep humanity, but they are apt to be rather innocent. Her comparisons between the hooked cross of the Nazis and the Cross of Christ, and her assumption that the Nazis cannot be intelligent because they are wicked, reveal that as a psychologist she is a good propagandist, though hardly good enough to compete with Dr. Goebbels' wicked but highly intelligent operatives. Our Mohammedan co-Imperialists, or perhaps the Hindus, may not care for Miss Bottome's attempts to represent this as a holy Christian war; we must always remember that Christians are not a majority in our Empire.

A book of this kind, however, must be written to appeal to the majority, and Miss Bottome's *Mansion House of Liberty* will do that admirably. It touches the heart, but we cannot wait too long before we give our American friends something that will appeal to their heads.

Patriotism

THE AMERICAN PRIMER, by Dorsha Hayes, Longmans Green, \$2.00.

MISS Dorsha Hayes is the great-great-grandchild of Washington's Secretary of War, so if anyone can claim to be an American, she can. In this book she offers to her fellow-citizens a discussion of their own country written in very simple language which she hopes will offset the insidious work of the *Nazi Primer*. Miss Hayes does not think that everything in the U.S. is perfect, and she would like to see a lot of changes made there, but she prefers an imperfect America to any other country in the world. One gathers that she is an ardent New Dealer, and although she has nothing against millionaires she thinks that people who have a yearly income of five millions are too rich to be any good, and perhaps she is right.

It might be considered indelicate to criticize a book of this kind too closely in a Canadian publication. Let us say then that almost everything that Miss Hayes says in her book is good sense and good patriotism, but that the way she says it is not so good. If you want to convince someone it is never wise to shout at him.

Near East in 1917

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

AEGEAN MEMORIES, by Compton Mackenzie, Macmillan \$4.

THIS volume and *Greek Memories* of which it is a chronological continuation, are instances of books that have gained in topical importance by a long period of suppression.

No book could more effectively illustrate the contrast between the present situation in Greece and her Isles, and that of 1916-17. *Aegean Memories* deals exclusively with events of 1917, when Mr. Mackenzie completed his service as Military Control Officer and head of British Intelligence service in Greece. It was a period when the ex-Kaiser's sister, the Queen of Greece, was making desperate efforts to induce Germany to occupy that country by invasion from the north—just as

Rumania was occupied last year. Her chief aide was the German military attaché at Athens, Major Falkenhause, now General Falkenhause commanding the German army of occupation in Belgium and Northern France. But Britain had other difficulties to face in the eastern Mediterranean. Turkey, now an ally, was an enemy; a much vaster Empire than the Turkey of today. France was determined that she and not Britain should be the dominant factor in that part of the world; and Italy (as a report written in 1917 by Mr. Mackenzie shows), was even then contemplating the acquisition of Albania as part of the spoils of a war not yet won. All the ramifications of this highly complex situation are reflected in these pages.

The long suppression of this book and its predecessor is a scandalous episode in the history of British officialdom, which has its lessons for the Canadian community today. Incredible as it may seem, this application of Gestapo methods against an eminent British writer was maintained until the Hon. Neville Chamberlain became Prime Minister, when permission was given to issue *Greek Memories*; and under Mr. Churchill, the last of the series of *Memories* is now before us.

The Crime Calendar

BY J. V. McAREE

THE Coles—Margaret and G.D.H.—stand high among detective story writers, and also as sociologists, but we have rarely found one of their books that is readable. The defect may be in us rather than them. We are all the more pleased to report that in *Counterpoint Murder* (Macmillan, \$2.25) they have produced what we consider a first class piece of work. The central idea is extremely clever and original, and we wonder it has not been exploited before. Here are two murders apparently unrelated. They have only one curious thing in common, and that is that the persons who seem to have the strongest motives have iron-clad alibis. Each case is put aside by Scotland Yard as insoluble. It is only when Superintendent Wilson has the bright idea of considering them as a single problem that he finds the solution. . . . *The Case of the Haunted Husband* by Erle Stanley Gardner (McClelland & Stewart, \$2.35) is like all the other Gardner books in which Perry Mason appears. It is dramatic, fast moving and exciting. Here the solution is

wholly unexpected. It is one of his best. . . . *The Blonde Died First* by Dana Chambers (Longmans Green, \$2.50) is one of those mystery stories in which beautiful and probably wanton women, alcoholic beverages and millions of money mingle happily until somebody is murdered. Then enters the hard boiled amateur sleuth. Most of the action here is on shipboard on the way from New York to Bermuda. It is written with considerable humor, and we enjoyed it greatly. Again we think the ending will astonish the reader, and he will put the book down hoping to meet some of the characters again, especially the detective's charming wife.

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THE BOOKSHELF

Brief Survey Of Current Fiction

BY STEWART C. EASTON

IN a note to *This Finer Shadow* by Alan Cozad McIntosh (Longmans Green, \$3.00), the publishers state that the author, in despair at the continued rejection of his manuscript after repeated revisions, finally committed suicide by flinging himself out of the window of his apartment. This book therefore is his testament. Perhaps it was an unfortunate interpolation, for it is impossible that this tragedy should not overshadow the reading. Yet when one has finished one wonders how it could have been otherwise. He writes "To escape without struggle—and then rest—infinitely deep and sweet. Not into chaos or unreality." Always everything is seen through his splendid imagination. Then suddenly in a few terse words one perceives that he knows the reality too. "A girl came along. I like her. He was jealous." To another writer that might have been all there was to it. But one knows that for the hero the world of imagination was infinitely more real, and one is forced to ask "How far may a man be conscious and still survive?"

It is exceedingly difficult to review this book. Mr. McIntosh has created his own world and it is not possible to judge it. His people are intensely real, but they can only be comprehended in all the terrible nakedness of what we please to call perversion, by the personal imagination of each reader. Over and over again one must read this book, and some day perhaps, live within it, at least gaining some comprehension. The central love of Martin for Deane can be compassed at once, even perhaps the overtones; certainly the rare passages of superb beauty, sheer and absolute. But for the rest I can only say to those who believe that consciousness is stirring within them "Read this book, and open your eyes and heart, for never in history has there been a book like it." And for the rest of the world, "Leave it alone and forget you ever heard of it."

Stephen Longstreet is the victim of his own excellences. He knows so well how to tell a story, and *The Golden Touch* (Macmillan, \$3.00) moves at such a tremendous pace that he never has time to excite a real interest in his characters. He creates situations with great psychological possibilities, but only skims over their surface. He has no gift of pointing character with a few sharp sentences. The result is that one does not care greatly what happens to them, not even to the central figure, Michael Seaton, a typical Stock Exchange sentimentalist. Mr. Longstreet knows his business, and his panorama is convincing. Perhaps it is unfair to criticize him for not attempting something that he never wanted, or may not have had the insight, for. But his material needed a more penetrating mind and a stronger hand. Maybe the movies, to which the manuscript has already been sold, will make of it something more significant and of greater value to an awakening people.

Life in Far from Home by R. H. Newman, (Longmans Green, \$3.00), is a real thing, the war in Finland and France seen through the eyes of a young American ambulance driver. It is a very unusual book, very sensitive, and yet selectively brutal. Though we learn nothing of his early life from this book, it is clear that he was a writer before ever he went to Europe. It is difficult as yet to tell what the war will make of him. He has the gift of objectivity as well as contempt for the blind ones of the earth, and this relieves his writing of smugness. The delicate and rather elusive love affair is handled with a certain penetration and moments of real insight. When his talents are matured and his experience balanced by his thinking, I believe that one day he will be a great novelist. No imitators were ever able to

muscle in on the preserve of Jeffery Farnol and until Edison Marshall's *Benjamin Blake* (Oxford, \$3.00) I had thought the genus died with him. But there is more iron in this book than in those of his predecessor. Besides a South Sea Island

episode, very well done, there is always a strong undercurrent of criticism for the not-so-merrie England of George III and a delicate contrast with the dawning hopes of freedom in America, in that morning of democracy.

But in *From Hell to Breakfast* by Edward Kimbrough (Longmans Green, \$3.00) it is impossible to escape the feeling that here is the twilight of democracy. Coming to this savage satirical, yet oddly compassionate novel after *Benjamin Blake* is to see just how much the greatest idea in the world may be worth in a century when men feel but do not think. The story tells of

a Senatorial election in the State of Mississippi. With a remarkable fairness the conflict between Gus Roberts, the politician-revivalist-preacher who knows every trick, and Jerry Clinton, the idealistic reformer is described. Mr. Kimbrough sees them both clearly and judges their strength and their weaknesses. The result is a devastating picture, worthy of study even by those who "never read novels." It weighs more than a ton of professorial treatises on democracy.

We have had a long line of distinguished medical novels since *Arrowsmith*. And a conflict between the idealism of the true doc-

tor and the demands of Mammon holds a surefire appeal to any reader to whom a novel is his vicarious experience. *That None Should Die* by Frank G. Slaughter (McClelland & Stewart, \$3.00) is about the best of the series that I have read. The hero and heroine are real persons and the message an important and timely one. It is a warning against the dangers of the political control of medicine, and an appeal to the profession to put its own house in order lest a worse thing befall it and the people suffer. Written in a direct and forceful style with a convincing and intelligently conceived story, it can be confidently recommended.

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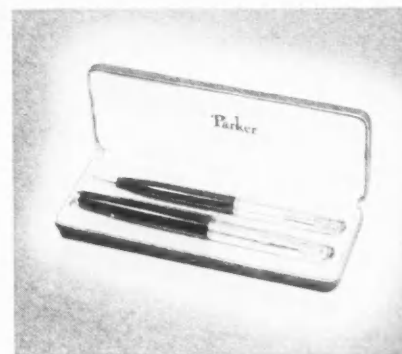
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WORLD OF WOMEN

Foreign Exchange And All That

WHAT with planes, perfumes, trips to Florida, imported dresses and all the rest getting tangled up in Foreign Exchange it was only a matter of time before silk stockings joined the list. Well, the gentlemen at Ottawa have been looking at our silk-clad underpinnings, girls, with more than ordinary interest. And regrettably but none the less firmly they have decided that the millions of dollars this country has been sending across the Pacific for silk to be made into hosiery ought to be used for more vital things—planes and ships, to mention a few.

However, the people who hold the fate of our stockings in their hands are prepared to save us from a fate

BY BERNICE COFFEY

worse than death—thick stockings with accordion pleats around the ankles.

The first thing they had to do was decide what should be used to replace silk. The substitutes, according to Major Douglas Hallam, secretary of the Silk Association of Canada, are:

No. 1. . . The finest cotton yarns that can be spun. These could only be obtained in England and because of their fineness are slow in production. They are so fine that one pound of the yarn if laid out in a straight line will stretch for fifty-six miles. Go try it yourself sometime if you

don't care to take our word for it.

No. 2. . . A type of rayon yarn developed in England specially for use in hosiery. The basic material from which this yarn is made is cotton linters.

No. 3. . . Rayon yarn produced in Canada. The basic materials used in producing such yarns are pulpwood and cotton linters.

No. 4. . . A comparatively new synthetic fibre called "Nylon." The base from which Nylon is made is coal tar. This fibre is produced in the United States at present in limited quantities, and only a relatively small amount can be obtained for use in Canada.

And so these substitutes are gradually replacing silk. During a three months' period—that is in March, April and May—the hosiery mills have been and are manufacturing stockings with all natural silk legs, while the top or welt is of cotton, rayon, or a mixture of silk twisted with rayon. This is in accordance with a government order. A large proportion of stockings manufactured in June, July and August, will have legs made from a thread of silk twisted with a thread of rayon. Nylon stockings, it appears, will be produced in relatively small quantities until more of the yarn is available.

All this is well enough, but the important thing to most women is how these stockings are going to look.

It has been prophesied by those who should know that the new hosiery will be quite acceptable. Into these new stockings the Canadian manufacturer will put either cotton yarns of the finest counts spun in England or the best quality rayon. And the machinery on which they will be made will be "high preci-



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If your smile reveals teeth made lack-lustre by tender sensitive gums, start right away to give your gums the special care they need . . . help to make up for the lack of exercise in today's soft, creamy foods. Because when gums are denied the stimulation of vigorous chewing, they need help—help which you can give them with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Ipana, you see, is especially made to restore vital circulation and healthy firmness in gum tissues. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every

time you clean your teeth. That's the modern dental routine to ensure firm gums, and that means sound white teeth and an attractive smile! Get a tube of economical Ipana from your druggist today.

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Over Any Other Dentifrice**

A recent professional poll of Canadian dentists by a leading dental journal shows that nearly twice as many dentists personally use—and recommend—Ipana as any other dental preparation—paste, powder or liquid!

Ipana
TOOTH PASTE



"Cigarette"—a white crepe dress over which is scattered a printed design of glowing cigarettes. The theme is carried into the black wool coat by buttons resembling half-smoked fags. Molyneux Collection, Morgan's.

sion" with all that implies in evenness of knit and perfection of shape.

The annual output of the industry in Canada is thirty-six million pairs of silk stockings. Of these, thirty-one million pairs stayed at home to give Canadian women the best clad legs in the world; for Canadian silk stockings and this is not flag-waving—are the finest made anywhere in the world. The rest, five million pairs, were exported.

So perhaps as we see the disappearance of silk, the sacrifice will be made easier by the knowledge that it's going to add several millions of dollars to the war chest.

In Other Words—"O.K."

How does one describe a dress with that indefinable something that sends hot and cold thrills galloping up and down the spine of every woman who sees it?

Words may fail us, but Mainbocher rises to the occasion with:

"The French have a wonderful expression—*au point*. Used in reference to dressmaking, it means a

dress which strikes a happy balance between idea and technique—the idea is not too strong for the technique, and the technique does not crush the freshness of the idea, in which the cut is suitable to the material chosen, the volume is happy, the proportions exact and balanced—the whole complicated process resulting in a dress that looks inevitable, easy and right."

Collection

Mainbocher, who left Paris before the Germans took over, presented his collection in New York a week or so ago. Almost all the evening gowns were completed by identical fabric capes of varying styles and he has been paying a lot of attention to blouses for wear with suits—among them the sweater blouse.

Of his collection Mainbocher says: "One of the principal colors in my own dark navy which I call 'Night and Day,' and then, of course, black; a new soft green for evening, as sweet as a pastel, which I call 'Naiad' green, and a whole palette



Miss Elizabeth Mann who, to date, has knitted 488 penguins and bunnies—netting the tidy sum of \$580 for the Naval Wool Fund. Miss Mann comes from England and is a resident of Ottawa for the duration of war.

of reds from the palest Powder Pink through luscious fruit and flower reds, to a deep shade which appears to be an antique red, but is in reality the very modern shade of the finger nails of a chic friend."

Pure Canadian

The people at the Seven Seas Shop (Eaton's) are inordinately proud of the collection of Canadiana which arrived there a few days ago, and at the drop of a hat they will dash around enthusiastically pulling open drawers and thrusting aside tissue paper to show you their treasures. The hinterland of Quebec was combed in the search for the best

workers in craft—and the search led to some remote places—in the middle of one of the worst snowstorms of the season, too. But the results seem to have been well worth it for not only have the pieces a very high degree of artistry, but a flavor of their own that is as truly Canadian as maple syrup.

From the looms of Quebec weavers have come lengths of wool cloth

the illustrations duplicated in the wall mats.

When a Quebecker sits warming his toes near a red-hot stove, he whittles as he talks—and the result at the end of an evening is not just a stick of wood half its former size but a little figurine for which one of the family or a neighbor unconsciously may have been the model. Some of these men have brought to



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Only Tooke—shirt makers since 1869—can create man-tailored shirts that carry such an air of authentic masculine styling.

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"Sapphire Green," one of the enchanting new light colors for spring, makes its debut in a wool ensemble. Pockets of the dress, yoke and pockets of the jacket, are indicated by self passementerie. One of a collection of "Pastel Sapphire" dresses from The T. Eaton Company Ltd.

in unbelievably lovely colors which have been made into place mats to lend color to the table. These are in sets of eight with linen serviettes in lighter contrasting shades, of which one has a choice of brown cloth with beige napkins, wine with blush pink, or burgundy with yellow, white with marigold, or dark green with light. Quebec's weavers also have turned to making men's ties in a good-looking wool weave—plain colors with a colored welt, diagonal stripes, as well as plain black for navy and air force or khaki for the military (\$1.50). . . . And if you have been wondering where to get your hands on one of the "Bonnie Breton" caps which you may have seen at some of Quebec's sking resorts, here they are (at \$2.25). These are the most winning pieces of headgear one could wish to see. The name pretty well describes their appearance: bonnets that fit snugly to the head with little wings that flare out becomingly at the side of the face. Made of fine thin wool, mostly in pastel shades, with woven stripes that look like embroidery in gay, ingenious colors. Their light weight and pastel colors make them as priceless for informal summer wear as for winter.

Rugs have been selected with a discriminating eye, and among the most interesting are those to be hung on walls. In the fine mingling and fastidious use of color these, at a distance have the qualities of painting. Indeed many have been copied from the works of well-known Canadian artists, while in others the artist has stayed close to the Canadian scene by taking such subjects as the "Bluenose," or a Canadian transport plane winging its way through banks of clouds. Those who have Hazel Boswell's excellent book "French Canada Pictures and Stories" which was published about three years ago, will find some of

wood-carving an innate artistry which has made Quebec famous among those interested in this type of work. Among these master carvers are the Bourgault brothers whose work is much sought after. All of these except Andre have been commissioned by the Quebec government to teach the art to other carvers. Andre remains a free lance and among his pieces at the Seven Seas is "The Card Players"—a group of four people, two men and two women, each of them with a distinctive character of his or her own, seated at a kitchen table as they play. A large dog of undistinguished breeding, paws on the table, investigates the proceedings with curiosity. The group provides an astonishingly realistic character study of Quebec types.

Those who have been inclined to scoff at claims that Canada has not developed a distinctive art of her own may change their minds after seeing this collection.

Doggy

One needn't be a dog-fancier to appreciate the fine points of a group of lapel ornaments that arrived from England the other day. These offer a choice of the heads in profile of a number of the most popular breeds: droopy eared hounds, stream-lined whippets, squared-off wire-haired terriers and so on. They were modelled after the heads of some of England's most aristocratic show dogs.

The heads, designed and made of Royal Doulton china, are exquisitely colored and the most captious would be hard put to it to find a more perfect accessory for wear with tweeds. Among the shops which will have them is Reid-Rowland, Toronto (\$1.50).



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Turquoise blue chiffon is caught in soft folds across the front of the bodice, while the full skirt is cut to a point in front. A gold bracelet and clip set with multi-colored stones complete the ensemble.

DRESSING TABLE

"Will Ever After Handsome Be"

BY ISABEL MORGAN

*The Fair Maid who the first of May
Goes to the fields at break of day,
And washes in dew from the haw-
thorn tree*

Will ever after handsome be.

Nursery Rhyme.

THERE. It's a cinch to be beautiful, you see.

All anyone has to do is to be fair to begin with and then, as insurance, leap out of bed at the crack of dawn and find a field in which there is a hawthorn tree with dew on it.

Of course if you are sceptical about dew and hawthorn trees as beauty aids you'll just turn over when the sun rises on the first of May, and go off to sleep again putting your chances of being handsome ever after in less whimsical things than dew.

Come to think of it, we have much to be grateful to science for. Not only have the gentlemen in their laboratories presented us with fine creams and lotions of unrivalled purity they have made it possible for every woman to be more pleasing to the eye than nature ever intended her to be.

Why, there's almost as much magic to it as washing in dew from a hawthorn tree—and far more practical.

Bit of Bermuda

Those unfortunate individuals who had to forego Bermuda this year and whose supply of perfume purchased

during the last visit has dwindled to a few meagre drops, doubtless will welcome the news that the Bermudians have begun to export those wonderful flower fragrances of theirs to Canada.

"House of Fragrance" perfumes compounded from the island's own flowers offer a choice of six—count 'em scents bearing such tempting titles as Hibiscus, Wild Jasmine, Lily, Oleander, Corsage, Lady of the Night. They are exclusive with Eaton's.

Rubbing It In

As you know, the sunshine Vitamin (D by name) is supposed to be all things to all men and all women, and we practically can't be happy, healthy, or handsome without it. A way to acquire some is by means of your cosmetics. Vita-Ray has a cream, and a very special one, which is irradiated with Vitamin D. This irradiation process, incidentally, is a scientific development of ever-increasing importance, being utilized for many kinds of foodstuffs and medical formulae. The cream is a smooth, pleasant-textured cream, and you use it for cleansing, massaging, softening, everything you use a cream for, in fact, except as a finishing preparation, the idea being the more it can be on your skin, the more benefit you get from it. It is not expensive, for all its irradiation, and you seem to be getting a lot of good cream for a small amount of money.



"Olympia"—a hair mode of the classic Greek revival. This hair styling is most effective with the many dinner frocks inspired by the Grecian influence. Photo courtesy the Elizabeth Arden Salon at Simpson's.

There are other items in the Vita-Ray series that should not be ignored, among them a light, fresh skin tonic, nice to use in summer, a rather heavyish powder of the stick-on variety, and a preparation blandly entitled Doveskin oil that deals gently and kindly with the thin dry type of skin. It's a help around the eyes and mouth, where wrinkles form so readily on thin skins, and a touch of it on the eyelids gives a dewy sheen. And, try rubbing a bit of it on your fingernails, then wiping it off with a towel, to make the enamel more gleaming. The Vita-Ray preparations are in shops all over the country.

Atlantic City Debut

The boardwalk at Atlantic City—out-of-bounds for most Canadians—was of all places the spot chosen for the recent debut of the first nylon stockings in ombré shadings.

On a light color base a dark harmonizing tone is blended into the back of the stockings—creating an illusion of slenderness, so they say.

Among the blends are a light tan merging into rust, and champagne into a shadow blue tone at the back.

Regimentation

Marching along with the trend to military reds, white and blues, Du-Barry shortly is to astound us all with a new type lipstick, compact rouge and cream rouge. Look for the name "Emblem Red" if you feel life won't be the same until it's yours.

Apple Blossom Time

Anyone who is looking about for a gift in keeping with the season won't have to search high and low through the town's bazaars. All they need to do is walk into the nearest shop and

ask to be shown a whole series of things scented with Helena Rubinstein's "Apple Blossom" fragrance.

Among them is a lovely pastel-colored gift box with a delightful flower motif on the cover. When the package is opened you'll find a huge box of velvety body powder along with a bottle of sweet, exhilarating cologne and an atomizer for the dressing-table; or perhaps the body powder combined with cologne, soap and bath oil—all of them dispensing the fragrance of an apple orchard in the full glory of pink and white bloom.

Perhaps you may prefer the Perfume Arbour, an old-fashioned white arbour decked with blossoms—the whole under a modernistic transparent dome which reveals a generous flacon of—right, Apple Blossom.

ENGAGEMENTS

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Whitehead, Brandon, Manitoba, announce the engagement of their daughter, Edith Lake, to Mr. Alfred Thomas Heyland, of Elin Flon, Manitoba, son of Mrs. Heyland, of Victoria, B.C., and the late Mr. A. R. Heyland. The marriage will take place quietly on April 26 in the chapel of St. Matthew's pro-cathedral, Brandon, Man.

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TORONTO and MONTREAL



One of the most engaging of the season's hat styles is the feathered toque. This one of white and blue feathers on a red calot, sits becomingly on the top of the head.

IN THE DEPTH OF OUR FEELING OF PERSONAL LOSS, LET US NOT FORGET THAT THE DEEDS OF OUR OWN TIME MAY PROVE A REAL EXAMPLE AND INCENTIVE FOR THE FUTURE

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"His First Thought Was For Canada's Women"

This article is about Dr. John P. Howden, M.P., of Norwood, Man., who has been in the luxury class for many of his patients, mothers in particular tended to let themselves become very ill.

He works on the principle that prevention is better than cure. He has achieved much and hopes to achieve more, in Parliament and out of it. "I would walk ten miles to vote for Dr. Howden," said a French-Canadian woman constituent.

Thirty years ago Dr. John P. Howden, of Norwood, Man., diagnosed the case of the world. He found it a good world but decided it might be better. His chosen profession deepened his vision of a world where everyone would have adequate medical treatment. He coveted that dream for humanity. The only road he could see to his goal was state medicine. He thought. He organized. He organized. "It will limit the spread of infection," he said recently over a national network, "balance medical service costs and distribute doctors to outermost districts." Of course he met opposition, even within his own profession and his own party, but he has never, during sixteen years in Parliament, lost sight of his dream.

The depression having gulped savings accounts, the number of needy patients had soared unbelievably because he could make his initial parliamentary plea. His first thought was for Canada's women. "Treatment is a luxury, mothers let themselves become very ill," was the gist of his words; "then they are beyond cure. Prevention costs less than cure." Eager eyes followed the proceedings. It had cost "J.P." almost a year to reach that star. But it had paid off.

"Beautiful dream, Doctor," the Prime Minister said, "but it costs too much money." The headache J.P. had then that did not stop him. The following year he brought forward his resolution and again another year.

With his many colleagues he attacked illness in Canada slowly but surely out of the luxury category. Now we have voluntary health insurance, group hospitalization, with state medicine and municipal doctor services in some districts. Advancement towards state medicine provides treatment for poor people suffering from diabetes, tuberculosis, mental conditions and venereal diseases. There are also free vaccines and antitoxins for diseases such as measles or typhoid epidemics.

Can Raise Hades!

Howden was born at Perth, Ont., Dec. 15, 1879. His parents, Robert Howden and Martena Nichol, took him to Manitoba when a boy. He worked as Canadian Pacific call-boy and then as Bar-U Ranch cowboy and telegrapher. He attended the Manitoba Medical College during the winter.

At twenty-five J.P. graduated and went to practice medicine in St. Boniface. But a boyish face and a nervous mouth subtract from a man's years. The question: how to show a mature appearance. The answer: a beard. It sprouted, red and rugged!

A third generation Canadian, Doctor Howden is of British extraction and a Baptist, but when still young he was elected alderman in the French-Canadian city of St. Boniface. After serving for a time as mayor, he now has represented that city at Ottawa for sixteen years. His majorities run around 6,000.

"I would walk ten miles to vote for Doctor Howden," said a slip of a French-Canadian woman at the municipal polls in 1926. "I don't know politics but I do know what

ever he does will be good for the country." That opinion must be general, for they travel, these rural women, in motors, buggies, on horseback, afoot, to re-elect him.

Doctor Howden is always busy at something, sameness palls on him, that explains his dislike for routine. He changes the architecture of his rambling friendly house often and used to be forever remodelling, scraping or painting some car or other. Manual work emphasizes J.P.'s character.

BY HARRIET W. SMITH

after extremes. He has gentle unending patience with the sick, but he can, on rare occasion, raise angry dignified hades!

In earlier days other recreation paled beside his preoccupation with the sport of kings. He used to break and tame his own horses and rode at the pre-hospital hours around five a.m. qualifying for horse races. The large squat cup in his reception hall

is inscribed "Hunt Club race won by J. P. Howden, Industrial Exhibition, 1907." He still rides with an ease of quiet force that shows him the animal's master.

"My greatest satisfaction in life has been the success I have attained in my work," he said to me. "Cases that have turned out nicely and the lasting friendships I have made through attendance. I have not made much money but I never wanted to. Every medical man knows the

relieving of suffering can bring its own compensation. It has been a tradition with the generations of medical men in our family never to press for payment. My father once said: 'I hope no son of mine will be a doctor. He'll be a poor man all his life.' The little groove between J.P.'s iron-red brows shallowed. "But here I am," he shrugged his big shoulders helplessly, "and my eldest son has already chosen the profession."

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Giving Outright Two Hundred and Fifty a Year

BY CHARLOTTE M. WHITTON

THAT'S the least, the Canadian Welfare Council estimates, that the average citizen gives to our common war effort, when a home in Canada is thrown open to a child guest from overseas. The equivalent costs will vary greatly in different homes and different parts of Canada, and with children of different age and needs, and there can be no money value on the care, interest, affection and responsibility involved for the foster parent, taking over this privilege and duty to those in the front line of the Battle of the British Peoples.

Of course, it is hardly the thing to discuss the actual costs of a guest's stay in your home, or the incidental costs involved in getting him there and in preparing for any eventualities involved in his stay, but the times are out of joint, and this is a little different, especially when people, unable to offer hospitality, would like to have some gauge to measure what they ought to give to the National Committee for Overseas Children or their local Children's Aid Society, if they want to

do something commensurate with their neighbors who have children sharing hearth and home.

These children are being placed all across Canada where conditions and circumstances vary a great deal. Moreover, what is applicable to one child and in one home would not be a suitable measuring rod to a similar child in another home. In any statement of this kind, an average must be struck which in itself may not be strictly applicable to any particular case.

Supposing one attempts to visualize the actual out-of-pocket expenses which parents giving free homes are actually contributing.

Food Largest Item

Food will form the largest single item. Every mother realizes that an extra child makes greater demands on the family budget. There is a difference, though, if the one is an addition to a family of two or to a family of four or five. The increased outlay will be less for the extra child in the larger family. A

This article, by the Executive Director of the Canadian Welfare Council, deals with the actual out-of-pocket cost of giving hospitality to a child guest from Britain.

wide difference exists, too, in the amount of food which children even of the same age consume. Numbers of studies have been worked out in relation to particular situations all of which, naturally, show considerable variation. Thirty to forty cents a day for an average child of school age would be well above a minimum but would not approach the accepted standards of many of the homes being used. The amount of milk required for one child over another, or in an urban over a rural home, would upset this apple cart—of calculation at once. It is suggested as a rough average for actual food costs which leans somewhat to the generous side according to statistical studies. This would work out at anywhere from \$9 to

\$12 per month; let it run in between at, say, \$10.50.

Clothing costs will show even wider fluctuations. Some children can wear their clothes months longer than others and always appear presentable. A few overly active ones may put a clothing budget "in the red" almost every day, and sometimes twice over a holiday week-end. All these youngsters must certainly be as well dressed as our own children. What would the average parent expect to spend on clothing for his boy or girl in the course of a year? Age makes a considerable difference. \$3.00 a month for a child under ten, and \$4.00 to \$5.00 for youngsters up to sixteen years of age would not do injustice to available studies. An estimate of \$4.00 a month should be adequate, for the average school age child, up to 10 or 12 years of age.

What about incidentals, which are really numberless? There is no place to stop spending allowance, toilet and personal articles, amusements, recreation, laundry, haircuts, street car tickets, school supplies, etc. Not less than \$2.00 to \$3.00 a month might be suggested here in the full knowledge that it may be far from an accurate statement.

Medical and Dental Care runs up to a total of about \$17.50 a month for actual out-of-pocket expenses but, there are medical and dental services. These are unpredictable. No really satisfactory estimate can be given. But such expenses are certain to come up and they should be taken into consideration in any estimate of what a home is contributing in fulltime care of a guest child. And some youngsters will just "catch everything going" and others will break everything from your dishes to their own legs, and others will be healthy as grigs and light as cats in their climbings, so, well, anyway, not less than \$2.50 a month would not seem unreasonable although individual cases might vary from almost nothing to more than treble this amount.

That total comes to \$20 per month—\$250 per year, if you have kept on counting.

Hidden Costs

Of course, there are "hidden" costs which aren't in this total. An extra room may mean a direct outlay in bedding, etc., extra fuel and light through our short winter days and cold nights. The regular use of a room and the service that goes with it would in itself, ordinarily be considered as a significant factor. This is not included in the estimate because it is a fraction of shelter costs, varying so with the numbers of the family. It is, however, a definite item, so variable as not calculable on a general average, but to be added to any base figure by anyone who wants to know really how much.

The doctor or dentist with a child in his own home is actually out-of-pocket in the neighborhood of \$250 per year. Could not their associates agree to contribute an equivalent amount for medical and dental services? Such an approach would go a long way toward solving problems in this field.

There are some especially gifted children among our war guests and every effort should be made to cultivate these talents. Scholarships would help a great deal. A generous individual, by giving \$250 for such purposes, would help foster parents and supervising agencies in solving these special educational problems. The amount could be doubled or trebled if the individual wanted to provide for complete costs for special training for a particular child.

And so, your gift in the Battle of Civilization, apart from this gift of yourselves, if you take one of our King's little subjects from overseas into your home for this spell of fighting in the Isles, is not less than \$250 per year, and you can, not unreasonably, increase it by a third, varying with shelter costs. Canada's government throws in good measure, and says your exemption under the

Income Tax impost will be at the rate of \$400 per child per year. Anyway, if you like children, and they like you, it's a very nice way to go on active service, giving 75 cents to \$1.00 a day to the



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MUSICAL EVENTS

One of Mr. Johnson's Glamor Girls

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

DURING his direction at the Metropolitan Opera House, Edward Johnson has apparently endeavored to reduce the ratio between avoirdupois and vocalism. The day of 200-pound *Gildas* and *Mignons*, of *Marcelites* who had difficulty in adjusting their amplitudes to the task of singing at the spinning wheel, has gone. Today one can even find glamor girls on the stage of the famous opera house. One of them who has come into prominence recently is the American mezzo-soprano, Rise Stevens. She has an additional claim to distinction in being one of the few noted American singers actually born in New York, instead of a small town.

She has an admirably trained mezzo voice, of warm contralto quality, and in happier days for Europe sang in the opera houses of two great musical centres now submerged in barbarism, Vienna and Prague. Though she may never set the world on fire, she undoubtedly has glamor, and when one adds thereto taste, musical intelligence, animation and piquancy, one has a very attractive vocal artist. I was especially impressed with her ability to sing sentimental lyrics in a sincere, unexaggerated way, as in Schumann's "Widmung", Brahms' "Blacksmith" and the famous aria from "Mignon", "Knowest Thou the Land". Her humor is charming and unaffected, and was notably manifested in Delibes' "O Sweet Suzanne" and a jocund song of the English countryside, "Roaming in the Dew" by George Butterworth. Butterworth was killed in action in 1916, unaware

that he had been already awarded the M.C. for bravery. He was but 31, and had composed music so precious and redolent of his native land that had he lived he would today be a foremost British composer. Therefore one was grateful to Miss Stevens for singing "Roaming in the Dew".

Multiple Pianism

That ten pianists heard simultaneously do not necessarily mean a strenuous noise, with diminished delicacy of expression, was proven at Eaton Auditorium last week, when the patriotic enterprise "Musical Manifesto" was brought to a triumphal conclusion. There was a time in the history of the Canadian National Exhibition when exhibits of piano manufacturers used to be housed together, and each firm would employ an athletic keyboard-thumper to attract attention to its particular wares. The noise was often so deafening that the management had to stop it. Fortunately the program conducted by Miss Mona Bates was nothing like that. Each pianist fitted into the interpretative pattern like members of an orchestra, and in crescendo passages co-ordinated their efforts to produce beautiful tonal effects. Though but ten were heard at one time, fourteen of the most gifted younger professional pianists participated. Perfect precision, beauty of expression, and rhythmical grace marked their renderings. Much was due to the efficiency of Miss Bates, but much also to the intuitions of the musicians themselves. It was

especially interesting to note how much delicacy half a score of pianists working together could reveal in waltzes by Mozart, a Chopin Etude and a Mendelssohn Song Without Words. Among works of a broader and more brilliant order impressively done, were an arrangement of Schubert's "Erkling", Sibelius' "Finlandia" and the Berlioz "Rakoczy March". The most striking novelty was a Polka from the ballet "Golden Age" by the Bolshevik composer Shostakovich. In his relish for dissonances he is undoubtedly a "Bolshie", but his cleverness and rhythmical inspiration are fascinating. For those whose brows are slightly lower, there was a wonderful rollicking rendering of Guion's famous arrangement, "Turkey in the Straw". So popular was the concert that it was repeated this week.

Kathleen Busby

Nearly three thousand pupils of the secondary schools heard a special program arranged for them by Sir Ernest MacMillan and the Toronto Symphony Orchestra at Massey Hall recently. The program including the two sunnier movements of Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony and works by such lively composers as Enesco, Grainger, Smetana and Johann Strauss. A special feature was the beautiful singing of Kathleen Busby, an Edmonton soprano still in her teens. In addition to possessing a lyric voice of rare sweetness, sincerity and power, Miss Busby is a highly gifted musician who can sing anything singable at sight. Her steadiness of tone and gift for phrasing are unique, as she demonstrated when she sang without accompaniment Michael Head's long and difficult lyric "The Singer". She had the poise of an experienced prima donna in "One Fine Day" from "Madam Butterfly", and it was a joy to note her rhythmical sureness in Edward German's "Waltz Song".

Members of Toronto Conservatory Alumni Association recently had the pleasure of hearing Audrey Maybird, originally a Vancouver girl, who for a decade has been recognized as one of the very finest of England's lyric sopranos and a superb Mozart interpreter. In private life she is Mrs. John Christie, associated with her husband in founding the "International Opera Festival at Glyndebourne, Sussex, where works by Mozart and others were beautifully presented. Her voice is bell-like in quality, sweet, pure and powerful. Her renderings of Bach, Handel and Mozart are beautiful in intonation and phrasing. The perfection of her vocal style was best manifested in Handel's "O, Had I Jubal's Lyre". Mrs. Christie intends visiting her home city of Vancouver and will undoubtedly receive a warm welcome in that progressive community.

The guest artist at the fifth musicale of the Casavant Society was Claire Coci, a young New York organist of unquestionable virtuosic gifts. Her fame was first won as a girl of sixteen at the Jesuit Church, New Orleans, and during recent seasons she has appeared all over the United States. Her taste and skill in registration are unusual, and her program was marked by novelty and freshness of appeal. A feature was a Sonata by a famous German organist of the last century, Otto Reubke.

Young Composers

Awards in connection with the Canadian Performing Right Society's annual competition for Canadian composers under the age of 22 once more revealed how diffused creative talent is in Canada. The major award is a \$750 scholarship at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and there are three cash prizes of \$50. Competitors were obliged to submit a song and an instrumental composition, and the judges were impressed

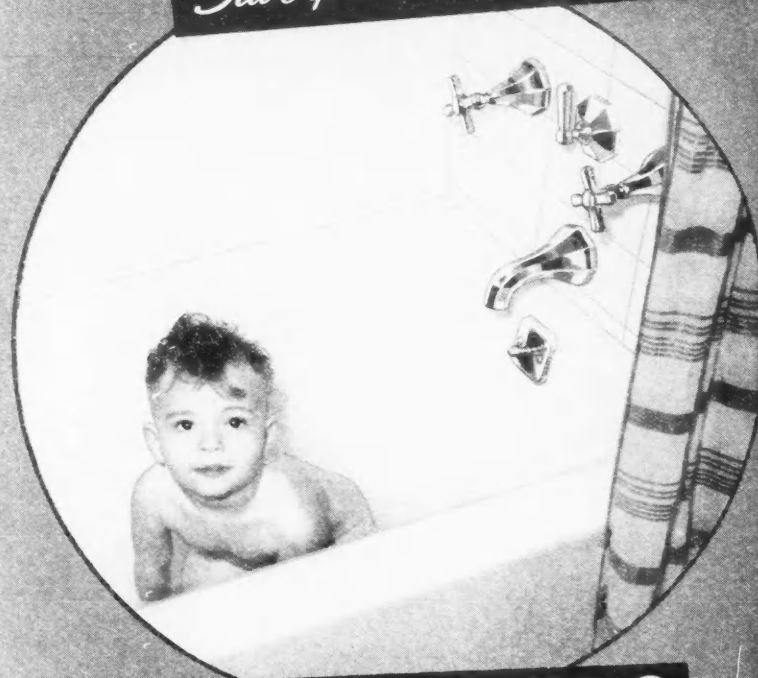
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by the improvement in the quality of work submitted since the first awards were made in 1938.

The scholarship went to 19-year-old William Keith Rogers of Charlottetown, P.E.I., who has won cash prizes in two previous contests. He submitted a really excellent Piano Suite and a commendable song "Clouds". Two young composers were given equal standing for second place, Phyllis Gummer (21) of Kingston, Ont. (last year's scholarship winner) and Jean Fraser (21) of Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B., a newcomer in these competitions. Miss Gummer's submissions were a song "Sweet is Thy Green Dell" and an exceptionally promising trio for piano, violin and cello. Miss Fraser submitted a setting of "Madrigal" by Moira O'Neill, the finest lyric heard by the adjudicators, and an Elegy for piano and violin. The other cash prize went to Lawrence Goodwill of Vancouver, B.C., winner of the 1939

scholarship, for a setting of an Elizabethan Lullaby by Thomas Dekker, and a piano work, Variations and Fugue on the theme of "God Rest ye Merry, Gentlemen".

This year the Competition was extended to include three prizes for juniors under 16. First place was won by Clermont Pepin, a little French-Canadian lad who was awarded a special prize in 1938. He is now fourteen and a pupil at the College de Ste. Anne de la Pocatière, Kamouraska, Quebec. Second prize went to Clayton Rose (13) of Coleman, Alberta, who submitted a promising Sonatina and Romance for violin. The judges were surprised to find a work of this kind coming from a small prairie community. Third prize went to a smart little patriotic march composed by Joyce Maureen Cohn (9) of London, Ont. It was certified that the music had been composed when the child was but 7 years old.

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ART AND ARTISTS

Conglomerate Show

BY GRAHAM McINNES

PAINTINGS, drawings, sculpture and pottery are jammed as tight as caviar in a sturgeon at the Art Gallery of Toronto this month. No doubt the Gallery has its own good reasons for this, but the result (especially with the Canadian Society of Graphic Art) is hopeless confusion and crowding. Nor does it look as if the various societies helped the Gallery by pruning their selections; it really is pretty impossible to appraise a room in which the pictures form a solid frieze.

So the first thing to do is to go upstairs into the Print Room and see this month's four-man show. These little shows are becoming an institution, and deservedly so; for the net is cast wide as to both talent and location. This time we have Bernard Middleton of Calgary, J. W. G. MacDonald of Vancouver, Adrien Hébert of Montreal and Miller Brittain of Saint John.

Of the four, Middleton and Hébert are the quietest; MacDonald and Brittain the more turbulent. Middleton's water colors are accurate and technically deft, but rather cautious. The Rockies have stupefied so many artists that it's never surprising to see them bowdlerized. Indeed, perhaps you can't render them in their spirit, any more than you can render time itself. But Mr. Middleton's Rockies

are wholly innocuous. In the Bow Valley at Banff he gets into his subject and gives it the breadth it needs; but his other studies, though suave and competent, seem too timid.

MACDONALD is a turbulent Scot; and when Scots are turbulent as well as dour, they are positively electric. His canvases are strong, gustily drawn, full of raw unassimilated color, their planes clipped and chopped, their import rugged and entirely convincing. MacDonald seems to have no love of paint for itself—as Hébert obviously has. He lacks any sense of texture; but this is atoned for by his sense of linear decoration.

Hébert's approach is reportorial; he gives us a factual picture of the docks and waterfront of Montreal. Yet the picture is not entirely factual, because Hébert loves the feel of paint, and has a nice sense of design. He tells of the sea in measured accents, and we landlubbers are apt to forget that Canada is a maritime power.

Brittain's paintings are of the very stuff of humanity: earthy, sweaty, humorous, drab, yet full of immense vitality. He is, indeed, a better observer and philosopher than he is a painter. His sense of satire, his appallingly accurate eye, his ability to probe the foibles of mankind—these continually struggle against a poor sense of design and color. For Brittain is still primarily a draughtsman; and it is to his telling line, and his eye for detail (his crowds are as detailed and grotesque as those of a minor Fleming or early Italian) that we owe the devastatingly accurate studies of longshoremen coming off shift, women in the last street-car, mothers wheeling baby carriages, and shivering youngsters with red noses.

THESE comments, however, do not apply to Brittain's portraits, some of which are extremely well felt out both in design and texture. In the portraits of three girls, Martha, Pat and Peggy, differences in technique become not a weakness, but a strength—variants of a rounded idiom, which can be used to get at the essence of each individual subject. This man is important to Canada, because he observes no conventional tabus as to subject matter, and makes us laugh at ourselves.

The Canadian Society of Painters in Water Colour has two galleries of recent work by its members and invited; the standard, as usual, is above that of the other society shows. At the same time, you do feel a little gipped that so many artists have sent in old or second rate stuff. The water-colorists' show generally leads

the van of the progressives; but this year it seems to be marking time. However, many old and new faces appear to advantage. Paraskeva Clark's grey hat has a wistful charm; Fritz Brandtner is here again with a surging Montreal landscape in which his burning primary colors achieve unity; Philip Surrey has a gaslit street, pregnant with atmosphere. Caven Atkins strikes a new note with his "Victorian Survival" (one of those incredible houses of the Cleveland era, smothered in gingerbread, yet retaining a stolid dignity). John L. Bartlett has an authentic piece of Canadiana in his bright hard study of Amos, P.Q. It's not a great picture, but it's a very true one: the steely air, the bedraggled cutover country, the tarpaper houses crouching at the feet of an enormous stone church. The Hawthorths explore the rolling contours of southern Ontario with rich and satisfying rhythm; H. G. Kettle's landscapes and Mario Prizek's forceful nude are well worth a second look; Schaefer (still at Norwich, Vt.) and Milne are both here, the former with some sinewy still-lives, the latter with a couple of Toronto city scenes, simply drawn and sparsely painted with cunning use of space areas.

THE fifth annual show of the Canadian Guild of Potters strikes you as a great deal better than previous shows, both as a coherent display and as an evidence of the genuine quality of Canadian pottery. The Guild has about 75 members across Canada now, and is making use of local clays in the Maritimes, Alberta, and soon, Northern Ontario. The Guild has a great opportunity in these days when the import of both European and U.S. pottery has virtually ceased. There is a chance now to get a market for Canadian work; but it must be because it is good, and not merely because it is Canadian.

Judging by this show, it is good. For general excellence in the production of beauty for use, you could stack up against all comers the work of such potters as McCarthy, Kjeld and Erica Deichmann, Holden and Leslie. The designs are good, the decoration shows imagination, while the technical proficiency in the matter of firing, glazing and coloring is of a high order. The main drawback is the amateur status of pottery in this country, underlined by the fact that of 24 exhibitors, 19 are women. How many of these people earn a living by pottery? How many could, if the market were established? How many would make it a life's work, if they could? These are some of the things you ask; but you feel that given reasonable encouragement, the answer in each case, judging by the fine work shown, would be "Many."

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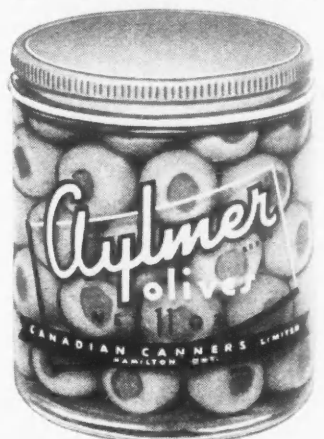
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The Southernaires, shown here, will be heard for the first time in Canada at Massey Hall, Toronto, on Tuesday evening, April 15th. They are, from left to right: William Edmonson, Homer Smith, Spencer Odom, pianist and arranger, Lowell Peters, and Jay Stone, Toney, baritone of the quintet.

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MASSEY HALL: WED. EVENING, APRIL 23: 50c, \$1, \$1.50, \$2

THE FILM PARADE

Unfair to Miss Bergman

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

centre, busier than a bird dog and getting nowhere. In the meantime the illusion of time standing still or barely creeping forward is successfully maintained. It all comes to an end finally with the naughty wife eased out and good true Ingrid rewarded with the hand of her middle-

aged widower, the infinite slow viscosity of time having brought them together at last.

If you are capable of anything as active as criticism after "Adam Had Four Sons" you may wonder why

Ingrid Bergman should be required to interpret only virtue and resignation when she is obviously capable of all the more interesting emotions; why she shouldn't have the romantic support that other stars, no more beautiful and far less talented, demand and get; and why her peculiar

intensity and sensitivity should be completely wasted in vague and spiritless parts. There's nothing the matter with Miss Bergman, but it looks as though there were something seriously the matter with her producers.

"COME LIVE WITH ME" is about a poor young author who needs a financial backer and a rich and beautiful Viennese who needs citizenship papers. Marriage enables the heroine to satisfy the immigration department, and a whimsical plot takes care of the romance. Hedy Lamarr and James Stewart make it pleasant to watch.

UNDERSTAND, I don't recommend gum-chewing in the movies. But there are times when it is a great help, particularly when you are watching one of those productions where the life-story of a family is slowly and minutely unfolded on the screen. On these occasions gum-chewing at least helps to create a sense of movement. It's strictly a transferred sense of course, very much like the one you get when you are sitting in a motionless train and another train, trundling past, creates the illusion of travelling. I know this is all rather involved but it's the only way I have of describing that particular combination of lethargy and action you get from a film like "Adam Had Four Sons" and a ten cent package of chiclets.

Get your gum handy? Well, here goes. Adam Stoddard (Warner Baxter) had four fine manly little sons, a beautiful wife (Fay Wray), a lot of money and a fine 1907 touring car. They are all on their way to meet the new governess who is beautiful and good and young, and who is Miss Ingrid Bergman. "I don't see how they can improve these models," Father Stoddard says proudly of his snorting motor. He is wrong there of course. Motor cars change and improve over the years. You can watch them slowly changing and improving right there on the screen before your eyes. Governesses on the other hand never change. They are always gently poor and inflexibly sacrificial. Look at Jane Eyre. Look at Bette Davis. Why doesn't someone invent a bad family governess, a minx who would come into a happy family, seduce the kind good father and corrupt the innocent trusting young? It's never been done and I can just see Bette Davis in the part.

HAVE we missed anything? No, nothing but a dozen or so scenes of laughing happy family life. Get a fresh holt of your gum now though, for something is about to happen. . . . Father Stoddard loses all his money and Mother Stoddard dies. He loses his money rather quickly in contrast to the general pace of the film, but Mother Stoddard dies slowly and exquisitely in four scenes; and slowly and exquisitely, in four more, Ingrid Bergman withdraws to her native Sweden.

This takes place during the panic of 1907. (Montage of silver dollars piled screen high and slowly collaps-

SIMILE FOR A SUNSET

BLACK basketworks of boughs like driftwood mark
Sky the cold turquoise of any icy stream,
On its still surface piled grey foam-whirls gleam
With soft pale gold; circling a frosty bay
Crows turn, wing-motionless to dart away,
Strange frightened fish, startled by the coming dark.

ANNE MARRIOTT.

ing and dissolving). Never mind, he will recover his fortune in the Great War boom; and sure enough he does and we are right back where we started, in the Connecticut family estate, with the boys in long pants, Ingrid back from Sweden, and only Mother Stoddard missing. Will he lose it again in the panic of 1929 (montage of Wall street collapsing and dissolving like melted taffy), and recover it once more in the war boom of 1940? If he does we might just as well give up the idea of keeping that appointment with the dentist next Tuesday afternoon.

But in 1919 the story sticks. That is, it sticks fast in time, while the action begins to revolve gravely and deplorably about the wicked little wife (Susan Hayward) that David the oldest son has brought home. The newcomer goes all out to tangle and seduce the Stoddard men. She's a fast worker but her method is the Hitlerian one of picking them off one at a time, and that can't be done in a hurry. She doesn't succeed of course and you get the dramatic configuration of all the other characters standing about helplessly, doing nothing, with Susan at the

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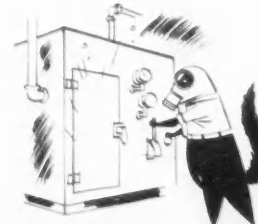
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Oven-Baked Beans

CONCERNING FOOD

Let's Have Tea

BY JANET MARCH

SPEAKING broadly, drink seems to do more for your spirits even than food, and I am not talking about the sort of drink which produces pink elephants and snakes if used in too great quantities, but of non-alcoholic ones. Don't imagine that I under-rate the value and charm of nearly all strong drink—that liqueur which tastes of caraway seeds and some North American wines being nearly the only exceptions—but in one column I can't cover all liquids from milk to old brandy. So we'll take alcohol for granted, just thanking heaven and Noah, who is said to be one of the earliest makers, for it.

Drinks seem to follow the clock. A breakfast tea drinker hates coffee at that hour, but wants nothing but coffee at luncheon. A midnight refrigerator raider craves cold milk which would, of course, have been scorned at dinner. Many of the Canadian Active Service Force appear to live largely off "cokes" and ice cream. Aren't they doing research into what foods make a man pugnacious, and can you fight a good war on chocolate sundaes? The answer is probably yes, for sugar does something very fine to you.

Drinks are one of the main social needs of mankind. If you meet a long lost friend in the middle of the morning, and really have very little in common save the fact that you roomed together at school fifteen years ago and she used to borrow your hairpins and tooth paste, go and have a cup of coffee and the atmosphere warms up at once. Give Junior's friend, who inconveniently appeared while you were still at dinner a cup of coffee, and watch him smooth down and stop looking as if, at sixteen, he was made only of wrists and feet.

Of all the times when a drink of something seems suitable and social and satisfying alliteration is coming in again this spring—tea time is the time. It's a toss-up whether a tray for yourself alone brought you when you come in weary at four o'clock and sipped in the sun over a new magazine in blissful solitude, or whether a couple of friends and their spicy gossip over the tea cups is most enjoyable. At both times the first hot, comforting refreshing sip is grand. The sad thing about tea is how often it is badly made. That old brewed brown taste is literally sickening, and indeed in many other-wise good restaurants it's better to take coffee, even if you have a strong feeling about times and drinks, and the suitability of tea in the afternoon.

If you are a real tea drinker it is the tea you want and not the food, but of course none of us are above a small snack, and if people are coming in it's an excuse for something a little extra. It's almost the end of the crumpet season, but there is still time for them. Apparently crumpets



English women who have adopted this coiffure call it "two-faced." It can be worn pompadour or as shown.

have a highly inconvenient habit of growing mouldy amazingly quickly in the summer, and that is one of the reasons why you can't buy them then. I have been told that mould is perfectly healthy and that you can eat it with no ill effects, but it has a highly undesirable flavor. Toasted cheese bread is good too, and all the raisin breads improve in the toaster. With winter really and truly nearly over sandwiches seem to be more springlike, and they have that great advantage that they can be made ahead and left wrapped in the refrigerator, so that you only have to boil the kettle and reach in your hand if you are getting tea yourself.

Sandwiches

If you were energetic and made marmalade yourself this year out of that one grand shipment of Spanish sour oranges, use a little of it mixed with chopped walnuts on brown bread.

Cheese and Pickled Walnuts

Take some processed cheese and mash it up with a fork adding mayonnaise to make the mixture smooth, and then put in some finely chopped

pickled walnuts. Spread on brown or white bread and roll up into rolls with pepper cross sticking out at each end.

Egg and Watercress

Eggs are cheap just now, and it's a good idea to get a few vitamins aboard at the tea hour. Mash hard boiled eggs and mix smooth with mayonnaise, and add a little dry mustard and a dash of Worcester sauce. Either chop up the watercress and mix it in with the eggs or spread it separately on the bread. Be sure if you do the latter to get out those rather thick stems which the cress grows on.

Sponge Cake

This is a useful recipe, for it's one for afternoon tea when it is fresh which is an essential with all sponge cake, and later on in the strawberry shortcake season, you can make two and use the second for the shortcake.

2 tablespoons of butter
3 tablespoons of cold water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar
2 eggs
1 cup of flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of baking soda
1 teaspoon of cream of tartar
Vanilla and salt

Sift the flour and salt and soda. Mix the water with the egg yolks and add the sugar slowly, and the vanilla, then add the flour in small amounts stirring as you go. Beat the egg whites till they are stiff and fold into the flour mixture. Bake in a slow oven, about 325 for the



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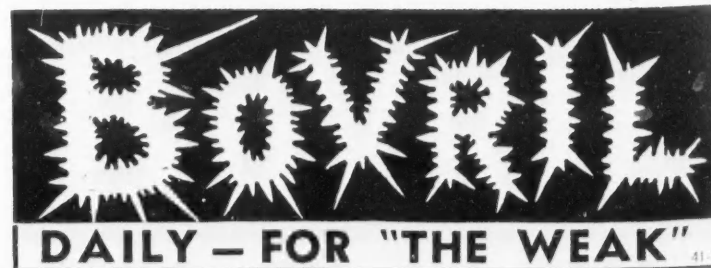
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April 12, 1941

SATURDAY NIGHT

of an hour. When this is the afternoon just before a simply delicious. It is a very fine time to be original, but a sure-fire hit at tea time is the cake.

Chocolate Cake

1 cup of butter
1 cup of sugar
1 square of melted chocolate
1 egg
1 cup of sifted flour
1/2 cup of flour
1/2 cup of sugar
1/2 cup of vanilla
1/2 cup of eggs
1/2 cup of eggs
1/2 cup of eggs

1. Cream the butter and add the sugar and beat the mixture until it is light and fluffy. Add the eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add the vanilla and beat for a few minutes. Sift the flour and sugar together and add to the mixture in three equal parts, beating well after each addition. Bake in a shallow pan for about 35 minutes. The cake is done when a toothpick inserted into the center comes out clean.

Chocolate Icing

1 cup of sugar
1/2 cup of water
1/2 cup of cream
1/2 cup of eggs
1/2 cup of eggs
1/2 cup of eggs
1/2 cup of eggs
1/2 cup of eggs
1/2 cup of eggs

Food For Thought

BY PHYLLIS RAINES

When I was a little girl, I was very fond of fish. I remember one day when I was about five years old, I was sitting at the table and I saw a plate of fish. I was very curious and I asked my mother what it was. She told me it was fish and I was very interested. I asked her if I could have some and she said yes. I was very happy and I ate it all up.

When I was a little girl, I was very fond of fish. I remember one day when I was about five years old, I was sitting at the table and I saw a plate of fish. I was very curious and I asked my mother what it was. She told me it was fish and I was very interested. I asked her if I could have some and she said yes. I was very happy and I ate it all up.



British to the last thread, this London tailor-made by Jaeger has double rows of stitching outlining waist and yoke effect on the jacket.

stand, here is a simple and easy recipe for putting together a delicious and healthy meal. It is a very fine time to be original, but a sure-fire hit at tea time is the cake.

Salmon Patties

1 cup of salmon
1 cup of eggs
1 cup of flour
1 cup of sugar
1 cup of vanilla
1 cup of eggs
1 cup of eggs
1 cup of eggs

1. Cream the butter and add the sugar and beat the mixture until it is light and fluffy. Add the eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add the vanilla and beat for a few minutes. Sift the flour and sugar together and add to the mixture in three equal parts, beating well after each addition. Bake in a shallow pan for about 35 minutes. The cake is done when a toothpick inserted into the center comes out clean.

and bake 30 minutes in a shallow pan. It is a very fine time to be original, but a sure-fire hit at tea time is the cake.

Egg and Pickle Sauce

1 cup of eggs
1 cup of pickles
1 cup of flour
1 cup of sugar
1 cup of vanilla
1 cup of eggs
1 cup of eggs
1 cup of eggs

1. Cream the butter and add the sugar and beat the mixture until it is light and fluffy. Add the eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add the vanilla and beat for a few minutes. Sift the flour and sugar together and add to the mixture in three equal parts, beating well after each addition. Bake in a shallow pan for about 35 minutes. The cake is done when a toothpick inserted into the center comes out clean.

Then the next morning, the first thing I did was to get up. I was very tired and I was very hungry. I went to the kitchen and I saw a plate of fish. I was very curious and I asked my mother what it was. She told me it was fish and I was very interested. I asked her if I could have some and she said yes. I was very happy and I ate it all up.

Individual Fish Puffs

1. Cream the butter and add the sugar and beat the mixture until it is light and fluffy. Add the eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add the vanilla and beat for a few minutes. Sift the flour and sugar together and add to the mixture in three equal parts, beating well after each addition. Bake in a shallow pan for about 35 minutes. The cake is done when a toothpick inserted into the center comes out clean.

His First Corn on the Cob

Norman Rockwell

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AN OPTIMIST is the sort of fellow who says, when a bomb has blown the front off his suburban villa, "Well, you know, I never did really like it. It was only fake Tudor, and very gimcrack. Now we can do something much better—something really Tudor."

Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, the eminent architect, is an optimist—or, at any rate, a very cheery fellow. When he was called upon the other day to make his report on the condition of the Guildhall and the possibilities of its restoration, he told the City Fathers that the part of the Guildhall that really mattered was practically uninjured, that most of the work destroyed was Victorian Gothic of no particular merit, and that there was no reason why the Guildhall, when restored, should not be finer

and brighter and better than ever—and much more mediaeval, I suppose. He is particularly pleased about the windows.

"The destruction of the stained glass windows," he says in his most cheerful manner, "has provided a solution of one of the most troublesome problems in restoration work—namely, how to remove windows that form memorials. The glass generally was dark and gloomy in character, and

did much to frustrate the purpose for which the windows were provided, to admit light to the interior of the hall. There is no doubt that finer glass can be obtained now."

Remembering the grim things memorial windows usually are, most people will share Sir Giles's feeling of relief. But he is surely wrong when he suggests that they were provided for the purpose of admitting light. That is the last thought that entered into the minds of the people who thus sought to perpetuate the memory of defunct Lord Mayors and other City worthies. They obviously didn't care what happened to the light.

Whatever may finally be thought of Sir Giles Scott's plans for the restoration of the Guildhall after a great many other things in the world have been restored first—it is grand news that the ancient walls erected by the mediaeval builders have once more stood firm, as they did in the days of the Great Fire. What craftsmen they were! Not even all the fury of modern warfare could destroy their work. They built to last.

Civil Servants

Civil Servants are not very popular persons—not with the generality of their countrymen. Whatever the reason, most people seem to have the idea that a Civil Servant is a languid and superior person, who strolls down to his office about ten in the morning, toys gracefully with a few reports and memoranda, passes on as many as he can without doing anything about them except affix his august initials, and then strolls off to his club for tea—one day nearer retirement and his pension.

Like a good many other popular notions, this one may be fantastically unfair. But the odd thing is that it is held, not only by the man in the street—always apt to be suspicious about government officials—but by men of wide experience, who ought to know what they are talking about. Lord Perry, for instance, who got up in the House of Lords the other day, and roundly attacked the whole Civil Service for lack of energy, dread of responsibility, and no ambition beyond a pension and, in the case of senior officials, an Order of the Bath.

Now Lord Perry is an eminent business man—among other things chairman of the Ford Company of Great Britain—and he has also sat on a good many important government committees, especially during the last war. He ought to know how business should be done. He ought also to know how Civil Servants do theirs (or don't), for he must have come in contact with a great many of them. And well, this apparently is his considered opinion. Else why take up Their Lordships' time?

As might be expected, his charges were not allowed to go unchallenged. They brought Lord Simon to his feet in a mood of icy indignation. Everything about Lord Simon is apt to be a bit icy. He said that such sweeping charges were utterly unjustified, that Civil Servants as a class were pulling their full weight in the war, and that many of them were working day and night.

He also reminded Lord Perry that the vaunted efficiency of business men is not nearly as complete as they seem to imagine, and that he himself had spent a good part of his professional life getting business men out of the difficulties they had got themselves into. Very neat as a counter-thrust, but not the sort of argument that carries a debate very far.

Probably Lord Perry's charges were much too sweeping. Probably the Civil Service contains a great many devoted and competent officials, who are doing their best so far as the complexities of a too

elaborate system will permit. But there can be no doubt at all that it also contains a great many impressive poops, who look good and sound good, but are about as active as so many barrage balloons.

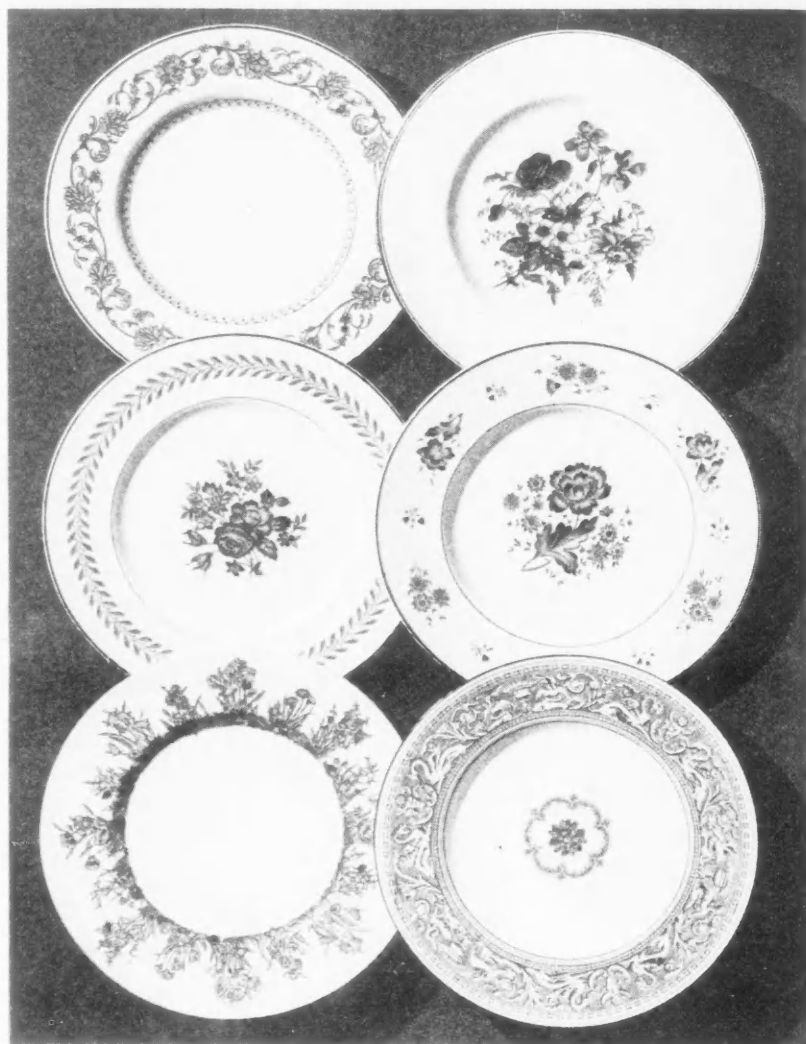
I have met a few myself, and have heard about a lot more from other people who had come in contact with them—very much as Br'er Rabbit came in contact with the Tar Baby. So far as I can make out, the Tar Baby nearly always won. The Tar Baby made up of endless coils of very sticky red tape. Not a very opponent to deal with, as Lord Perry seems to have discovered. I share his indignation will do some good, but I doubt it. You can't hustle the Civil Service any more than you can "hustle the East," in King's phrase.

THE LONDON LETTER

London's Guildhall Was Not Destroyed

BY P. O'D.

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MADE IN CANADA - OF CANADIAN WHEAT

DOCTOR JOHNSON knew what poverty was. He wrote for the *Spectator* and percolated in the coffee houses. My red pencil is frozen in midair and for the thousandth time I sit in baffled admiration of the undergraduate howler. In the fifteen years that I have been scribbling in the margins of university exam-books and essays my chief comfort has lain in the certainty that each set of eye-twisting manuscripts would yield at least a half-dozen inspired phrases sargarded with the most pregnant misinformation or lit by the gayest of *non sequiturs*.

Some, of course, are but the simple products of desperation. One of my tortured students in the University of British Columbia, faced with a set of names opposite to which he had to write something brief and illuminating, labelled Bishop Percy "a friend of Lemuel Gulliver" and lumped Epicurus and Trollope together as types of the lyric. Then there was the Toronto coed trapped into an essay on the charm of Lamb's "Dissertation on Roast Pig." She wrote me, in part: "Lamb refers to the pig as if it were a child being roasted. This attracts me to it as there is a universal attraction to infants."

The memorable howler, however, offers more than absurdity; it has at least a touch of the plausible. "Adam Smith," declared one of my pupils in the University of Utah, "wrote the first book on economics, and called it *The Weigh of the Word*." Another earnest young Mormon, reviewing with enthusiasm a book he had been reading in praise of Oxford, admitted that the college buildings were not modern, but added that "plumbing facilities are not necessary, for the students only go there eight weeks at a time." I have always felt that this student, six thousand miles away in Salt Lake City, had captured some of the spirit which has made Oxford what it is.

In some students the plausible is heightened by a poetic imagination, with results so happy that the teacher who quotes faithfully is like-

"THE BACK PAGE"

Decorated With Anarchisms

BY EARLE BIRNEY

ly to be regarded as himself a bit of an inventor. Let me swear therefore on the bones of my ancestors that it was not I but one of my earnest sophomores in the University of California, who defined a commuter as "one who commutes with Nature." And it was an undergraduate in that same great factory of learning who told me that Charlemagne was the husband of the Faerie Queene. I remember how I disliked substituting in her untrammelled mind the relatively prosy truth, for by all poetic justice Charlemagne ought to have been the husband of the Faerie Queene. My coed was as sound a matchmaker in her way as was that student—not one of mine—who made Algebra the wife of Euclid.

SPENSER'S large and, to most undergraduates, dreary poem seems to be one of the most continuous begetters of student malapropism. It was only last spring, during the Toronto examinations, that I learned that Spenser decorated the *Faerie Queene* with anarchisms, that in the first book the heroine is accompanied by the Cross Red Knight, and that the work as a whole presents the great struggle between Catholicism and Christianity. (I have a suspicion that the last bit of information came from a student in Victoria College).

I have noticed a special subtlety about University of Toronto howlers, a multiple suggestiveness which perhaps befits so large and diverse an institution. "The Decameron is an epic on the fall of man." Who would not agree that in a sense, and particularly in a Toronto sense, this is true? "Chivalric literature was mainly about women and love; as always, after a period of disuse, these became very popular." This is more than true; it is profound.

Sometimes it is the curious study methods of undergraduates everywhere that stands revealed in the boner. The student who plugged for one of my examinations on the basis of his girl-friend's lecture notes wrote trustingly that "medieval drama grew out of mass meetings" whereas I, following more orthodox authorities, had said that some of it grew out of the Mass. Perhaps an understandable preoccupation with our present-day world was partly responsible here, as in the reference of another of my victims (about the time of Munich) to "that great peace minister, Warpole." Or was this a simple product of oral education: the lecturer swallowing his consonants, and the collegian at the back of the hall straining his ears for the bell? Strange combinations of sound echo in the classroom air, and one should not be surprised when the beauteous Miss X (in the back row near the door), forced by an irrelevant educational system to write something about St. Francis of Assisi, records in her large and looping backhand that "the Franciscans were monks of the middle ages led by Asses."

THEN there is the rare scholar, perhaps too rare, who neither attends lectures, borrows notes, sits in on bull sessions, or reads books and who nevertheless braves the examination. From one of these a freshman fullback at Utah, I got the most breathtaking piece of misinformation it will ever be my lot to receive. His fading "bluebook" is carefully treasured in my office to this day, for otherwise none would believe me. In it is written in fine bold strokes: "The modern drama, best represented by Shakespeare, deal with life in all forms. King Lear & Hamlet represent one type of drama. The Merchant of Venice and As You Like the other types. These are the best presentday drama." The writer was a native-born Anglo-Saxon American, twenty years of

man could have given me that answer, nor would the latter feel sufficient confidence in the language of the people to have matched the reply of another Wasatch Mountains husky who was asked to criticize the grammar of the following sentence: "Somebody drove their car off this bridge." He wrote: "The sentence would read better if the preposition 'of' was inserted between 'off' and 'this'. Otherwise there is no mistakes."

IN CANADA, on the other hand, the higher learner is more apt to come to grief by abandoning too readily the language he knows. "Raleigh," said one of my countrymen in the west, "was the favorite of the Virgin Queen because he was the perfect courtesan." "Prohibition Americans," wrote a Toronto freshette scornfully, "drank bad liquor at exuberant prices." She should have added, perhaps, that, after drinking, the same Americans

usually felt exorbitant. The exotic use of words reaches its full flowering, I find, in the lush province of British Columbia. There I have known enterprising theme-writers who have not merely mixed their words and their metaphors; they have combined them in due proportions and shaken them into cock-tails. "Satire is the mirror which lashes hypocrisy with ridicule and expurgates the poisonous bilgewater of motley sophism." Set against this, the claim of the Toronto essayist that "Miss Agnes Macphail is one of the ablest-bodied women in our fair Dominion" is water dipped from the well of English undefiled.

My pupils will, I very greatly fear, never attain the accuracy of the New English Dictionary, but so long as they continue to decorate their themes with anarchisms I will believe, in the words of one of them, that "teachers do more for the human race than any other class of mis-directed effort."



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Safety for the Investor

SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, APRIL 12, 1941

P. M. Richards, Financial Editor

Let's Face the Facts of Our Mineral Depletion



For two decades the Empire's richest copper area was at Phoenix, B.C. Now it is Canada's No. 1 ghost camp. "British Columbia for the past 30 or 40 years has been living largely . . . extravagantly . . . on its capital."



Thanks to the local use of its own and imported raw products, Shawinigan Falls, P.Q., has a permanent population. "Shawinigan Falls is based on the local use of power . . . on carbide and carborundum . . . and bauxite."



Once a rich mine, now just another hole in the ground: the once-rich Mandy Mine in northern Manitoba. "Depletion is being speeded up and depletion is not confined to the mines . . . More ghost camps . . . are in sight."

A GREAT Canadian industry faces exhaustion. At the recent Vancouver convention of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy a resolution was unanimously passed which said:

"We are now depleting our mineral resources at a more rapid rate than ever before in our history and this rate of depletion far exceeds all possible replacements, or sources of replacement of which we have any knowledge, and, unless new discoveries are made, the future of the industry will be seriously jeopardized."

A recent editorial in SATURDAY NIGHT draws attention to the above situation. Too often, however, statements of this sort are denounced as pessimism, the bane of a new country. Stories of how "we still have, untouched, wealth beyond our dreams" and prophecies of how the mining industry will solve our problems have been used as an antidote to this attempt to face the facts.

You cannot, however, fool a mill or a smelter with make-believe ore. Not only, therefore, have mills and smelters been closed, but important deposits have been bottomed; untouched wealth in the shape of new deposits in quantity cannot be found; and the time limit on the prophecies has expired without the arrival of

BY C. M. CAMPBELL

For years we have been consuming our mineral resources much faster than we have been making new discoveries, and the rate of depletion has lately been greatly accelerated by the need for minerals for war production.

Proposals for the correction of a situation that menaces the whole future of Canada's mining industry are here put forth by a prominent Canadian mining engineer.

the promised solution. All this has put real fear into the Canadian mining engineer and his flesh is beginning to creep.

Recent disclosures in British Columbia show that mines, popularly supposed to have indefinite life ahead of them, have very limited reserves; and that the industry in the province, as we know it now, will enter a decline in a few years. Extensions may, of course, be found. A big mine dies slowly, they say.

But—it dies. Leading mining companies, active in the province for decades, cannot find replacements. These companies, though they have spent millions in the search, have nothing with which to shake death. A somewhat similar situation prevails in Eastern Canada.

It is understood that we will still have building materials. We will still have the tar sands, coal in Alberta, low grade iron in different places, and gypsum in Nova Scotia. It is our preeminence in precious and base metals, which accounts for seventy-five per cent of our production, that is in real danger. The sources of this wealth, vital not only in war but in peace, are already drying up.

This diagnosis is not now questioned. Mr. H. Mortimer Lamb, editor of *The Miner*, says: "British Columbia for the past thirty or forty years has been living largely, and most extravagantly, on its capital, quite oblivious of the prodigality and folly of this course, based, as it is, on the wholly fallacious belief in the 'illimitability' of our natural resources. . . . No new finds have been made for many years and the depletion of existing resources is proceeding steadily, and, of late, at an accelerated rate because of war necessities." Mr. G. C. Bateman, Metals

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

U.S. Labor on the Rampage

BY P. M. RICHARDS

AMERICAN labor, convinced that it was badly treated in the long years of pre-war depression, that now is its chance to get its due, that the cost of living is going up anyway so wages must too, and that it must get into a strong position now to be ready for the new bad times expected after the war, has been going on strike in several big industrial centres, halting or seriously slowing down the operation of many aid-for-Britain and defence industries.

The U.S. War Department estimates that strikes in these industries resulted in a loss of 633,000 man-days in March, against 468,855 in February and 150,211 in January. This lost labor could have built 289 pursuit planes (each requiring 2,185 man-days), about four submarines (162,500 man-days apiece), and varying quantities of other weapons.

Naturally everyone who recognizes the urgency of Britain's need for ships, planes, etc., and of the need for building up U.S. armaments deplores these interruptions to production. A Gallup pole indicates that 72 per cent of the public believes that strikes in "defence" industries should be made illegal. While, broadly, labor's fight is for higher wages and recognition of unions, in many cases the strikes are not due to disputes over wages or working conditions but to jurisdictional struggles between rival labor organizations.

A sinister feature is the evidence that communist propaganda and communist agitators have influenced the strikers in various cases. Furthermore, it is known that enemy agents are doing their utmost to hinder American production and there is reason to believe that some of them are working inside the ranks of organized labor, without the knowledge of labor leaders. As everyone knows, there have been many acts of sabotage, some of them very serious, and they are continuing to occur despite the best efforts of police and government agents.

Exploiting a National Crisis

One can't blame American labor for wanting to capitalize its supply-and-demand value in the present emergency; it was in a poor bargaining position in the depression years and knows that its present advantage is temporary; but one can properly blame labor leaders for persuading workers to seek to use a national crisis for their own personal and group benefit, regardless of the effects of their actions on the rest of the nation and the world, and one can blame them for permitting,

though unwittingly, organized labor to serve the needs of its country's enemies.

The situation in respect of Britain's need for ships, planes and other supplies, and of the needs of the United States herself for defence essentials of all kinds, especially in view of the increasing probability that she will soon be an actual combatant, is exceedingly serious, if not indeed desperate. If Britain does not quickly get increased aid from the United States to take the place of her losses by bombings and ship sinkings, her war effort must diminish. Eventually, without such aid, she might find herself unable to continue fighting. Leading Americans, from the President down, now recognize and admit that if Britain fell the position of the United States would be a very critical one.

U.S. Can Snap Out of It

Dorothy Thompson wrote recently that while the United States is as anti-Nazi as any country, and an overwhelming proportion of its people want the British to win, they lack the wholehearted enthusiasm for British victory that is going to be necessary for the sort of effort the United States has to make to save Britain and to save the United States itself. Thompson, unhappily, compared the American lack of unity and of devotion to a common aim to the similar situation in France that led to that country's downfall. The impression created by the American attitude toward the war is, to her, "ominously similar to the one that hit me between the eyes like a sharp blow last spring in France." She says that in France there was fascism at the top and communism at the bottom, and asserts that this is true of the United States today. The American people as a whole, she says, want to know more about Britain's aims after the war.

All this sounds a good deal more frightening than, probably, it has reason to be. There may, in truth, be unpleasant points of similarity between the pre-fall mentality of France and that of the United States today, but there is also, one is convinced, an outstanding difference in that the United States has the character and capacity to "snap out of it."

If the United States goes to war herself, as she very likely will before many weeks are past, the great majority of her people will quickly discard all doubt and hesitation, just as the people of Britain and Canada dropped theirs as soon as actual involvement in war brought the realities and purposes of the conflict home to them.



Controller, speaking for all Canada, stated at Vancouver: "The future of the mining industry is in jeopardy unless new discoveries are made to replace those which are being depleted at so rapid a rate."

The matter has also been taken up by the Royal Society of Canada and in the recent address of its president, Dr. J. J. O'Neill, features mineral depletion, points out the need for a "thorough stocktaking" and says that the lack of proper planning may prove a very costly omission. Dealing with the spread of ghost camps, he says further: "Are we to sit idle and have these things happen to such a large part of our Dominion, now that our eyes are open? Or are we to use every effort to assure that our endowment of mineral wealth will not be squandered, but will serve as a support and a maintenance while we make sure that industries will be developed to take their place and consolidate our expansion? It must be done NOW while the mines are in existence or it may never be possible to do it at all."

The Doasyoulikes

With borrowed money and money obtained from the sale of our heritage we have been having a fine time. Alone among the nations of the Anglo-Saxon world we are like the great and famous nation of the Doasyoulikes, whose history is recorded by Charles Kingsley. These people left the country of Hardwork for the land of Readymade. Kingsley tells of how they would sit under the flappedoodle tree, a tree of the ballyhoo order, and let the flappedoodle fall into their mouths. He also tells of the disasters that later befell them.

The flappedoodle diet is, however, still prescribed in high places. Here, for example, are some statements from a prize essay in the current issue of a select Canadian quarterly. This essay says that eighty-five per cent of Canada "comprises a metal-sucking empire, a dominion that has scarcely been scratched"; that the Dominion has "incalculable mineral wealth"; and that "in Canada we have one-fifth the world's supply of metal."

The outstanding mineral fact in Canada is not the pre-Cambrian, as popularly believed, but the fact that 25 per cent of the biggest part of the pre-Cambrian is unproductive granite. Much of the remainder is also unproductive for minerals or has been well scratched and found to be barren. As for the Cordilleran; Alaska has had its brief day while the mineral sun of British Columbia is now setting. As for coal: Canada, with the idea that we have 25 per cent of the world's coal, have been very easily and very badly salted. It is a Canadian custom to describe a person who makes statements of this sort by calling him a "flappedoodle." That is a boomerang argument for Jeremiah was right.

The result of this diet, as Mr. Mortimer Lamb points out, has been depletion, the policy of the production, a policy of husks and disaster. That, also, was the policy of the Doasyoulikes. It is time, therefore, for Canadians to get up from under the flappedoodle trees, and to start working. It is hard work—or disaster from now on.

The Solution

"There is a bottom to every mine," said Cecil Rhodes. "Mining is a permanent asset and we must look far ahead—was the way the late Abe Lincoln put it. As a result of this attitude the flappedoodle tree never flourished in South Africa. When, therefore, the Government Mining Commission of that Union announced in 1904 that the Rand gold production would shortly begin to decline they promptly applied the approved technique. The report was checked and found to be correct, additional mineral exploration was recommended, they decided to get more of their raw materials, and to manufacture more of their own tools. The increased price of gold hastened the emergency but they went ahead with their plans to their great benefit. The United States, with vastly greater mineral reserves than has

Canada, realized their limitations many years ago, sent their engineers out and obtained control of mineral deposits all over the world, and there is now a heavy import of foreign ore. Belgium, with no zinc ore of its own, became the second greatest producer of zinc in the world. Britain delivers coal all over the world and brings back other raw materials. The necessary technique has, therefore, been established in other countries. All this has meant hard work but it has not been unpleasant work.

Fortunately this technique has not been entirely overlooked in Canada. Van Horne, believing that "It is the sideshows that pay the dividends," expanded Canadian Pacific operation to include telegraph, express, dining and sleeping cars, hotels, steamships, irrigation, and even a smelter. He forcibly protested against the export of logs and raw ore. "Stumps and holes in the ground are all we get for our exports," he said. In Eastern Canada today there is an important iron and steel industry based on the importation of iron, manganese, and chromium ores. We are even again, this time with government aid, mining low grade iron ores. Shawinigan Falls is based on the local use of power, on carbide and carborundum from local materials, and on aluminium from imported bauxite; while Arvida puts \$15,000,000 annually into Canadian pockets by producing aluminium from imported ores. The manufacturing industry of Eastern Canada has been built up on that technique.

Now that rapid mineral depletion is admitted the next step, the speeding up of geological and prospecting work is being featured. As this will give us a more definite idea of what we have to work with, it will aid in planning. Unfortunately this step is being featured by some not as a detail but as the real solution. By itself it is, even if successful, nothing more than a continuation for a few years of the era of prodigality. The odds are, however, against any large measure of success, and for these reasons:

More and More Maps

It is 170 years since Hearne made his trip to Coppermine. Since then there has been time for every rock outcrop in Canada to be examined and, if a rock outcrop has been properly examined and found to be barren, all the geologists and prospectors in the world cannot change that verdict. When Dawson died, about the end of the last century, the Dominion possessed a rough map showing the favorable mineral areas and since then these areas have been gone over by Indians, trappers, prospectors, geologists and mining engineers, and the important deposits have been located. More and more maps have continued to be available.

In recent years an extra million dollars was voted by the Bennett government to speed up geological work, regular appropriations continue and provincial governments, to further speed up the work, have put their own geologists in the field. Results have not been negligible but they have been, as might be expected, of diminishing importance, and utterly inadequate to make up for depletion. Exceptional finds may still be made but it would be folly to plan on that hope.

Chief attention should therefore be given, not to the rapid depletion of the old and new finds, but to some method of putting permanence into the picture. South Africa, United States, Belgium, and England have found such a method. Canada, if she is to remain a Dominion, and not follow the course of Newfoundland, must do the same.

Some reference has been made to bettered conditions in Eastern Canada. Even there there is room for real improvement. It is, however, on that great approaching ghost camp forming the Western Front of Canada and the Empire, and known as British Columbia, that attention should be focused.

British Columbia, in many respects a magnificent province, has been handicapped by the fact that the numerous companies exploiting its raw materials have their headquar-

ters mainly in the East or in the States and their policy has been to speed up depletion with profits the only objective. It is only fair to them to say that the different provincial governments, hungry for taxes and royalties, have never questioned this procedure. The Dominion government, whose executive heads rarely visit the Pacific Coast and then only for a brief stay during elections, is not really interested in the matter.

Canada's Western Front

If, however, as Hon. Angus Macdonald says, the dignity of Canada demands an impressive navy, the bulk of it will, if American practice prevails, be stationed on the Pacific, and Ottawa will then realize that Canada has such a coast. There will be shipyards and dockyards. Here is also an ideal spot for industrial expansion. All this demands metals, alloys, chemicals, and other raw products and it will justify appreciably increased population. Would another million tax-paying, wheat-eating, railway-using people in this empty Coast province help Canada as a whole? If it would be not the matter worth investigation by all governments concerned?

As a starter the half-century-old idea of Van Horne's, that we at least refine our raw mineral wealth,

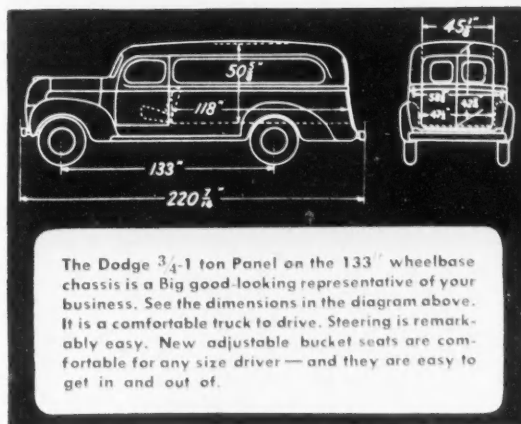
was recently revived. That would, alone, mean increased expenditure in British Columbia of \$5,000,000 annually. Extended and enlarged operation would depend on such new ore as is found, on imported ore of all kinds, and on manufacturing plants. There is nothing novel in the plan; it has been shown to be established procedure elsewhere. It received favorable publicity in the province, and was advocated in parliament in Ottawa and Victoria.

Complacency, however, still dominates. An investigation meant some effort and trivial excuses were offered: the plants might be bombed; it was a matter for individual initiative, it was British Columbia's baby; it was a matter for federal consideration, every mine wanted to run its own show in its own way, it meant digging into the public treasury, we can buy these metals elsewhere, our copper and gold ores can be treated cheaper in the United States, Germany, or Japan, and so on. It was too much trouble to do anything and so—nothing was done.

The spirit that dominates Canada on the war front has, therefore, not yet reached the economic front. There is, as yet, no ambition to capture great objectives that will solve our economic future. Our desires are still confined to "all-time-high" depletion records.

Do not overlook the alternative! If the present policy prevails: if everybody continues to do as he likes, with no planning, no cooperation, and no discipline—what will happen? Well, what happened to the Doasyoulikes? Kingsley tells about how their ready-made resources were wiped out, how they were too lazy to work, or to think, and offered trivial excuses. "So," we are told, "they had to live very hard on nuts and roots which they scratched out of the ground with sticks. Some of them talked of sowing corn, as their ancestors did before they came to the land of Readymade, but they had forgotten how to make ploughs, and had eaten all the seed corn, and it was too much trouble to go away and get more." In course of time they were, again, all apes.

Destructive exploitation, therefore, continues. Depletion is being speeded up, and depletion is not confined to the mines. It is now a policy of more and more stumps, more and more holes in the ground. More ghost camps, but not new payrolls are in sight. What is happening today in mining in the West will happen tomorrow in the East. If anything is to be done, says Dr. O'Neill, it must be done NOW. That does not mean after the war. Otherwise we face further degeneration of Canadians.



The Dodge 3/4-1 ton Panel on the 133" wheelbase chassis is a Big good-looking representative of your business. See the dimensions in the diagram above. It is a comfortable truck to drive. Steering is remarkably easy. New adjustable bucket seats are comfortable for any size driver—and they are easy to get in and out of.

DODGE 3/4-1 TON TRUCK AVAILABLE IN 2 WHEEL-BASES WITH 1 PANEL AND 2 EXPRESS BODIES . . .

The Dodge 3/4-1 ton Truck is very popular because of its large size. The panel body (illustrated above) on 133" wheelbase has a capacity of over 200 cubic feet. A 7 1/2 foot express body is available on the 120" wheelbase chassis and a 9 foot express body on the 133" wheelbase chassis. Maximum gross rating is 6400 lbs.

The 89 horsepower engine is built for Long Life and Low Operating Costs. Every engine is equipped with a Heavy Duty Oil-Bath Aircleaner and a Floating-type Oil Strainer to protect the moving parts from harmful dust and grit. Main and connect-

ing rod bearings are of a new long life type. Aluminum alloy pistons have four rings. Hardened steel exhaust valve seats with directional cooling reduce valve grinding and lengthen engine life.

The Dodge 3/4-1 ton Truck is equipped with a Hypoid, full floating rear axle. The Synchronizer 3-speed transmission has a quiet second gear. 4-speed transmission is available at extra cost. Brakes are Dodge equal-pressure hydraulic type. The Dodge 3/4-1 ton truck is built in our Canadian truck factory. See your Dodge dealer today.

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The school offers for annual competition, two memorial scholarships for entry to the Senior School, each of the value of \$500 a year, and two for entry to the Junior School of the value of \$300 and \$200 a year, respectively.

This year a special scholarship of the value of \$500 a year will be open for competition among boys from English schools.

The examinations for these scholarships in 1941 will be held on May 1st and 2nd.

Twelve bursaries are awarded annually.

For full information please write to: Philip A. C. Ketchum, M.A., B.Ed., Headmaster.

Trinity Term begins on April 16th.

Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines Limited

DIVIDEND NUMBER 343
EXTRA DIVIDEND NUMBER 70

A dividend of \$1.00 per share, and an extra dividend of \$0.25 per share, in all, have been declared by the Directors on the Capital Stock of the Company, payable on the 31st day of April, 1941, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of April, 1941.

DATED 10th day of April, 1941

E. SHIVELY

Secretary

NORANDA MINES, LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that an interim dividend of \$5.00 per share, payable in Canadian funds, has been declared by the Directors of Noranda Mines, Limited, payable on the 15th day of April, 1941, to shareholders of record at the close of business, May 20th, 1941.

By Order of the Board,

J. R. BRADFIELD,

Secretary

Money for Business

Imperial Bank of Canada welcomes applications for loans for business purposes. If you have a sound proposal, we will be glad to consider it and advance necessary assistance upon satisfactory terms. Our nearest local manager will be pleased to meet you and discuss details.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

Head Office: Toronto

BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA



GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

SHAWINIGAN

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have been holding Shawinigan common for some time, purchased at several times the present market price. May I have your opinion as to the future possibilities of the stock? My holding was not purchased as a speculation and if advisable, I can hold indefinitely.

B. H. G., Montreal, Que.

The common stock of Shawinigan Water and Power has attraction for income but its appreciation possibilities are limited. If, as you say, the stock was not "purchased as a speculation" and you can hold it "indefinitely", I think I would do so.

A continued high level of operations is assured by war-stimulated industrial activity in the service area. However, most of the revenue gained will probably be offset by higher costs, particularly taxes, and this trend is borne out in results for the year ended December 31st, 1940, when net was equivalent to 95 cents per common share, as compared with \$1.06 in the previous year. Continuation of the 90 cents per share dividend is expected.

With 62 per cent. of revenues coming from industrial customers, continued record sales are assured for the duration of the war. The outlook for the chemical subsidiary is favorable, and its already growing export demand has been stimulated by war activities. However, any sharp profit gains by this subsidiary doubtless will be pulled down by various war taxes.

SLAVE LAKE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Can you tell me if the \$100,000 bond issue of Slave Lake Gold Mines will be enough to finance the company until production is attained? Also, is the company developing this mine with gold or tungsten as a by-product? Is there a commercial ore-body of tungsten proved as yet? Do you consider this stock a fair speculation?

C. H., Dolbeau, Que.

Slave Lake Gold Mines' 50-ton mill is already in production and I understand that the \$100,000 bond issue was considered sufficient to complete mill and immediate development plans. A production of 264 ozs. of gold was reported in February from treatment of low to medium grade ore to permit tuning up of the plant.

The property originally was only developed for gold but high tungsten values have been disclosed in more

recent examinations. The occurrence of tungsten is within the gold deposit and extensive sampling has indicated a tungsten content of around one per cent. The tungsten will be produced in the form of a high grade concentrate and stored until summer navigation commences.

I regard the prospects for the company as fairly interesting. Recent developments indicate that the ore estimate from previous operations will be considerably increased. Not only has new work underground extended the ore lengths but also shows a much higher gold content than formerly estimated. There seems every likelihood of a good operating profit and the company still has much favorable ground to explore in its extensive holdings.

AMM, MORRIS KIRKLAND

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Is Amm Gold going ahead with any development? And what is the situation with respect to Morris Kirkland?

P. L., Toronto, Ont.

Amm Gold Mines has lately completed assessment work on the property in which it holds 90 per cent interest, immediately north of the claims sold to Pandora Cadillac. It does not appear likely that funds will be available in the near future for the exploration of these ten claims. Amm sold seven claims and its mill to Pandora for a consideration of 500,000 shares. Under the deal the amount due on the mill was to be paid, and to liquidate other liabilities, \$27,750 is to be paid to Amm, over a period, from operating profits of Pandora.

Morris Kirkland Gold Mines is paying expenses and carrying out a small program of development. The grade of ore is low but production has been running between \$16,000 and \$17,000 a month. Interest at present centres in a crosscut being driven to the northwest on the 1,375-foot level. This is to intersect an ore shoot which was marginal on the 1,250-foot horizon but is expected to be better at depth.

HAMILTON BRIDGE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would like to get your opinion of Hamilton Bridge common stock. Please tell me what the outlook for the company is and how the last year's earnings compare with the several years previous.

A. V. N., Brandon, Man.

The common stock of Hamilton Bridge Company, Limited, has above-average appeal for its speculative possibilities. The company is obviously benefiting from wartime demands and its business should continue on a high level for the duration.

In the year ended December 31st, 1940, net profit was \$164,260, equal to 67 cents per share on the outstanding 244,250 common shares, which means that net was at the highest level since 1930. This was accomplished despite the provision of \$127,215 for Dominion and Provincial income, corporation and excess profits taxes in the latest year against nil in 1939, the raising of depreciation provision from \$76,094 to \$99,352 and the provision of \$38,366 for bad debts when nothing was allowed on this account in 1939. In the year ended December 31st, 1939, a net loss of \$82,744 was sustained, against net losses of \$82,089 and \$10,956 in 1938 and 1937, respectively. Also, I understand, application has been made to have the structural steel fabricating industry classed as a depressed industry under the Excess Profits Act, the result of which will have considerable bearing on the total taxes payable.

Hamilton Bridge's financial position improved materially during 1940, with net working capital doubled at \$637,033, as compared with \$319,931 at the previous year's

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EST. 1884

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THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 217

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of two per cent in Canadian funds on the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 30th April 1941 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Thursday, 1st May next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st March 1941. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board

A. E. ARSCOTT,
General Manager

Toronto, 7th March 1941

GOLD & DROSS

end, despite expenditures on capital account, largely for additional equipment to handle a large volume of construction work received. Orders at hand at the end of 1940 were reported to be much larger than for many years passed, and the class of work undertaken has been considerably broadened. The company is co-operating with the Government to the fullest extent possible in those lines of war work for which it is best fitted.

LITTLE LONG LAC

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Would you kindly let me know if you consider Little Long Lac a good buy at the present price?

M. C. E., Hamilton, Ont.

Yes, I consider Little Long Lac at present prices "a good buy" although perhaps lacking the speculative appeal of some of the newer producers. However, it assures you of a good return on your investment, possibilities of capital appreciation and reasonable growth over the longer term. Ore reserves are sufficient for approximately four years. Lower operating costs last year tended to

offset higher taxes and other charges and earnings are not likely to be changed much from the previous year. Minewise developments are satisfactory and the main vein on the deeper levels is proving to be considerably longer than on the horizons above the 10th level.

PRICE BROS.

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I want to get an opinion I can trust on the common stock of Price Bros., and so, as usual, I am coming to you. Do you think the stock has any attraction at this time and do you think there is any possibility of a dividend payment in the near future?

G. D. B., Halifax, N.S.

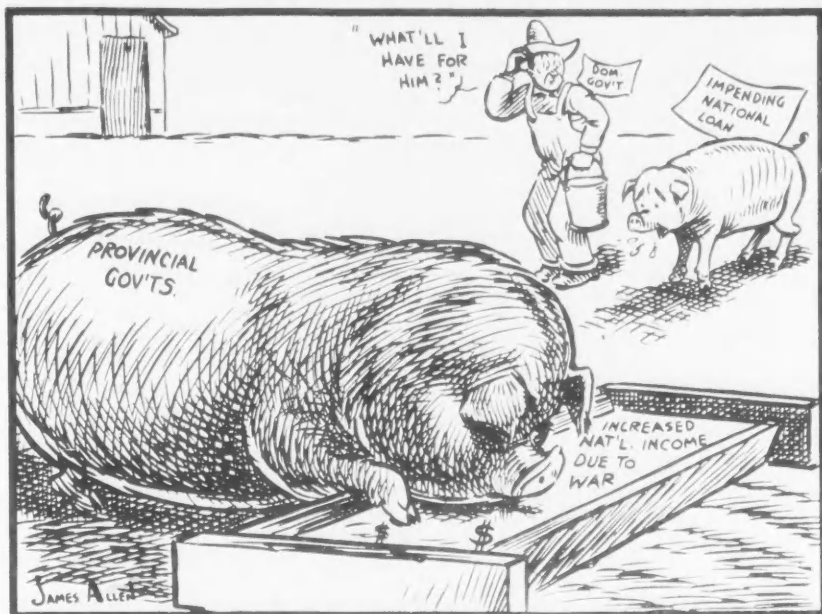
Yes, in both instances. The common stock of Price Brothers & Co., Limited, has appeal for its speculative possibilities and dividend payments on it should not be remote.

As you know, Price Brothers made no dividend payments on the common stock out of 1940's exceptional earnings—total income was far the largest in the company's history

but the annual report reveals a great buttressing of the company's financial position and it is now placed so that it could reasonably make a disbursement on the junior issue. After paying dividends of \$518,455 or 8 1/4% on the 5 1/2% preferred, clearing off all arrears on that issue, and after adding almost \$1,000,000 to plant account as well as meeting the \$500,000 serial bond maturity, net working capital was improved by almost \$1,500,000 from \$9,745,148 to \$11,230,329. On a per share basis, common stock earnings of \$2.68 compared with 23c for the last nine months of 1939, after depletion and depreciation of \$3.44 against \$2.12, and taxes of \$1.83 against 10 cents per share in 1939.

The outlook is for no slackening in the high rate of demand and demand and prices for other paper and board should also continue strong. The defence program will aid the lumber division.

Price Brothers is one of the important Canadian newsprint producers. Its two mills, which are comparatively modern and efficient, have an annual capacity of about



HOGGING IT

375,000 tons. In addition to newsprint, the company has a capacity of about 95 tons of paperboard, wrapping specialty papers daily, and is one of the largest producers of lumber in Eastern Canada.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

The CYCLICAL or major direction of New York stock market prices was confirmed as downward in early May, 1940. The SHORT-TERM movement was confirmed as upward on June 12 but is now undergoing test as to continuation.

MANY FORCES PLAY ON STOCK MARKET

Many forces play upon the stock market at any given time. Generally one or two will be predominant. In the current instance, we believe that the major factor to which the stock market is giving attention is whether Britain can hold out until American aid reaches sufficient magnitude to give the British air supremacy and to guarantee the safe delivery of necessary goods to the British Islands. The American outlook, so far ahead as can be seen, is too definitely tied up with the war outcome to permit easy market breathing, or a proper discounting of year-to-year earnings, until Britain is in the clear.

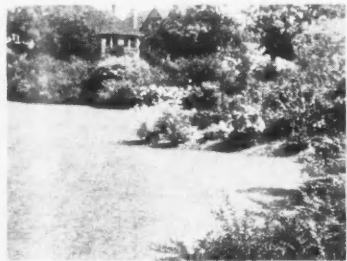
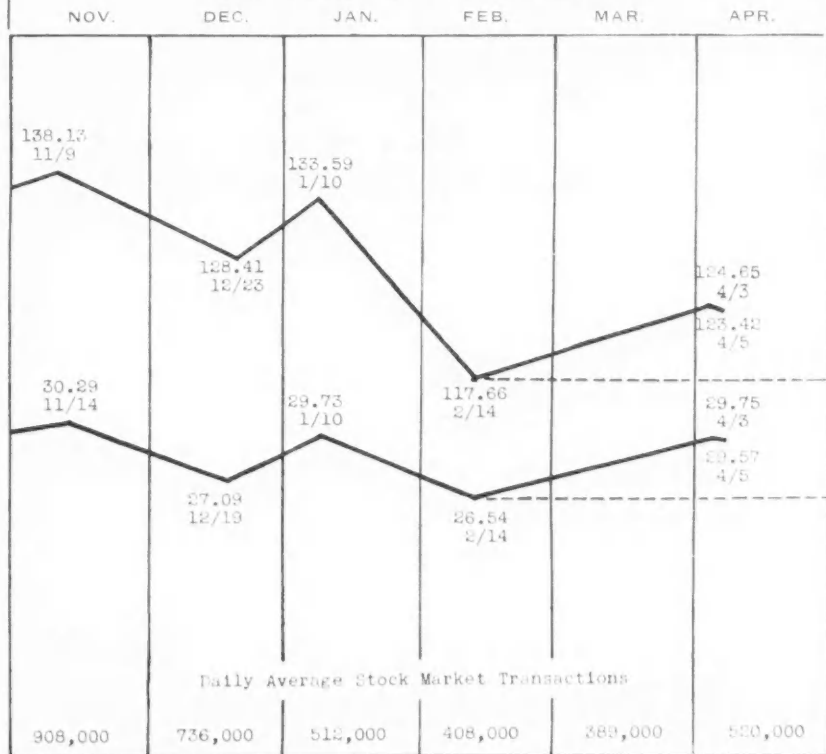
Accordingly, as the British war fortune goes, so, in a broad way, should go the American market. Victories by the British in the Mediterranean or in Africa can have a moderately bullish effect, while a German occupation of Spain or Greece would have a moderately bearish effect. The main show, however, and the one in which the real market potentialities, for better or for worse, reside, lies in what is going to happen to the Islands.

DEMOCRACIES IN ASCENDANCY BY 1942

Hitler's two threats to Great Britain are a submarine blockade and a military invasion. The submarine campaign has already started. Its outcome cannot be known for some while yet. Sinkings have been running high but recent joint naval measures of Britain and America may reduce the totals. If Hitler wins sea control, a direct military assault on Great Britain would have much better chances of success than if his submarine campaign fails.

It has been our conviction, as repeatedly expressed herein, with reasons therefor, on critical occasions since war commenced, that the victory in this war will go to the British. If this viewpoint is correct, then 1941 should be Germany's last year since, by 1942, combined British-American efforts should swing the balance to the Democracies. Accordingly, when, over the months ahead, it becomes apparent that Germany has lost the initiative that has been with her since 1936, then American stocks should swing into a sustained price advance. This advance, from the technical approach, will be signalled by a rise carrying both the Dow-Jones railroad and industrial averages through Industrials 138.12, Rails 39.29, or the peak of the rally from the May 1940 bottom points. Such a development, under Dow's theory, would indicate a bull market as under way.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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THE MONTREAL COTTONS LIMITED

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE FIFTY-FIFTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of The Montreal Cottons Limited, will be held in the office of the Company, 710 Victoria Square, Montreal, on Wednesday, the 23rd day of April, nineteen hundred and forty-one, at the hour of 12:15 o'clock P.M. for the purpose of receiving the Annual Report, electing a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, appointing auditors, and to transact such further business as may come before the meeting.

By Order of the Board,
CHAS. GURNHAM,
Secretary-Treasurer.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY

NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS

The 34th Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of this Company, for the election of Directors to take the place of the retiring Directors and for the transaction of business generally, will be held on Wednesday, the seventh day of May next, at the principal office of the Company, at Montreal, at twelve o'clock noon, daylight saving time.

The Library Stock Transfer Books will be closed in Montreal, Toronto, New York and London at 3 p.m. on Tuesday, the 27th day of April. The Library Stock Books will be closed in London at the same time.

F. BRAMLEY,
Secretary.



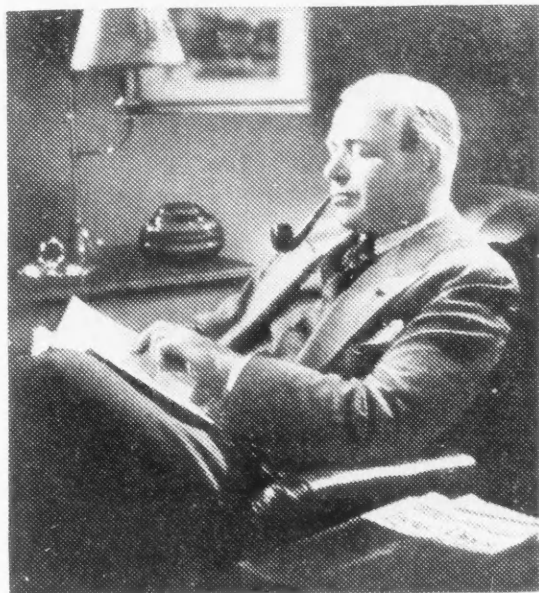
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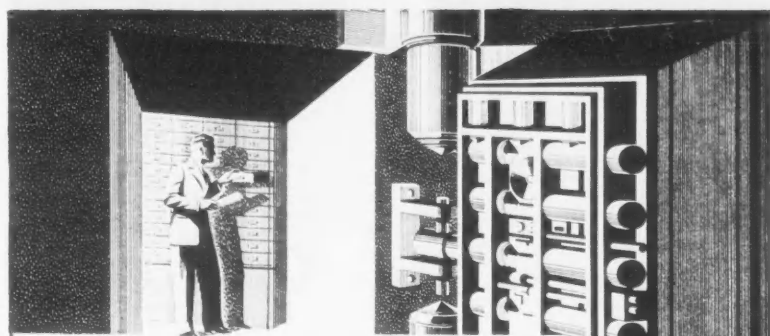
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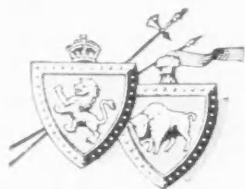
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FIRE CASUALTY INLAND TRANSPORTATION

1906

1941



British North Western FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

BALANCE SHEET AS AT DECEMBER 31, 1940

ASSETS	
Loans in Bank and on Hand	\$ 22,218.58
Receivables due by Agents	42,745.17
Accounts Receivable	1,081.85
Investments:	
Bonds and Debentures, at cost	\$887,889.40
Stocks and Shares, at cost	283,948.08
Real Estate Mortgages, at book value	13,000.00
Real Estate, at book value	2,400
Deferred Assets	1,183,939.48
	19,876.60
Total	\$1,260,861.18
LIABILITIES	
Unearned Premiums	\$ 15,493.38
Accrued Premiums	9,183.16
Premiums Payable, Estimated	12,921.10
Due to Agents for Commissions	14,819.17
Receivables due from Agents	5,000.00
Reserve for Estimated Premiums	113,872.68
Capital Stock:	
Authorized—50,000 Shares—	
at \$10.00 per share	\$2,000,000.00
Issued—1,000 Shares on which there has been no call	248,650.20
General Reserve Fund	200,000.00
Surplus	640,662.49
Total	\$1,260,861.18

HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO

J. H. BIDDEL, President and Managing Director
V. B. CHUBB, Asst. Manager S. FAIRLEY, Secretary

BRANCH OFFICES

WINNIPEG—A. C. RIDD, Branch Manager
VANCOUVER—M. NIXON, Branch Manager

THE Casualty Company of Canada

HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

AGENCY OPPORTUNITIES

IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA

GEORGE H. GOODERHAM, President

A. W. EASTMURE, Managing Director

ABOUT INSURANCE

Relation of Insurance to Business Credit

BY GEORGE GILBERT

It used to be said that there were three "C's" which had to be taken into consideration in the granting of commercial credit—Character, Capacity and Capital. Of late years, another "C" has been added to the list—Coverage—and by this is meant Insurance Coverage.

As no sane financial man would think of taking a mortgage on a building not insured, so in manufacturing and wholesale circles an appraisal of credit responsibility is coming to be regarded as not complete without an accurate report on the various lines and amounts of insurance carried by the credit seeker.

account by his firm, but he is also aiding the debtor in the event the debtor suffers a heavy loss by fire or other insurable perils against which he had previously been uninsured or under insured.

Those who have been connected with the credit departments of manufacturers and wholesalers for any length of time know that the last chapter in the case of a mercantile fire where the insurance carried is inadequate has often been foreclosure, court litigation, and a forced sale. They also realize that it is difficult if not impossible for the firms they represent to make profits when statistics show that 43 per cent of the firms which experience serious fires never resume business, while most of the remaining 57 per cent are struggling to continue under the handicap of impaired credit standing.

Inadequate Coverage

Coverage against loss by fire is not the only concern of the modern credit manager in his efforts to protect the accounts receivable of his firm. The survey already referred to showed that only 44 per cent of the manufacturers, wholesalers and jobbers were insured against windstorms and tornadoes, while only 39 per cent of the manufacturing plants carried insurance against the loss of profits and unavoidable overhead which would be incident to closing down.

Of the remaining 61 per cent who were in need of but did not carry business interruption or use and occupancy insurance, only 14 per cent replied that they had been solicited for this type of cover. And only 2 per cent of these business firms expected their debtors to carry it, apparently failing to realize that debts are paid out of income not capital.

Evidently the wholesalers did not realize that regular fire insurance covers only the cost, not any anticipated profit, for only 25 per cent of them carried profits insurance. Explosion insurance was carried by only 20 per cent of the wholesalers and 40 per cent of the manufacturers. Further, only 3 per cent of these manufacturers and wholesalers expected their customers to be insured against it.

Only 29 per cent of these manufacturers and wholesalers were insured against strike and riot. While 87 per cent shipped by rail, only 12 per cent carried rail shipment insurance. While 91 per cent shipped by truck, only 15 per cent carried truck shipment insurance. While 76 per cent used the mail as a means of transport, 39 per cent insured against loss in the mail by means of private insurance, this figure not

taking into account any insurance carried with the government.

With respect to automobile insurance: on cars used by salesmen, 52 per cent carried fire and theft insurance, 30 per cent carried collision insurance, while trucks used for delivery purposes were more thoroughly protected. Of the firms with trucks, 87 per cent insured them against fire and theft, while 48 per cent insured them against collision.

After study of these facts and figures, the National Association of Credit Men devised a new form of insurance statement, designed for use by credit executives to determine the completeness or the possible incompleteness of the protection provided for the assets which form the basis of the credit appraisals.

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

I would appreciate having your opinion on the Central Manufacturers Mutual Insurance Co., 80 Richmond St. West.

I would like to know if this is a licensed company in a strong financial position if it enjoys a favorable reputation for prompt settlement of claims.

S. B. EL, Toronto, Ont.

Central Manufacturers Mutual Insurance Company, with head office at Van Wert, Ohio, and Canadian head office at Toronto, was incorporated in 1876, and has been doing business in Canada under Dominion registry since 1923. It is regularly licensed here and has a deposit with the Government at Ottawa of \$136,600 in Dominion of Canada bonds for the exclusive protection of Canadian policyholders.

It enjoys a good reputation in regard to payment of losses, and all claims are readily collectable. At the beginning of 1940, the latest date for which Government figures are available, its total assets in Canada were \$253,212.95, while its total liabilities in this country amounted to \$51,631.81, showing a surplus here of \$201,581.14.



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W. R. HOUGHTON, MANAGER

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Mr. Keynes, or — ?

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON
Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

What can the Chancellor of Britain's Exchequer do to bridge the gap between national income and national expenditure?

The London "Economist" suggests a tax on services, and a new tax plan to be applied to the middle incomes, from £250 a year for a single man to £800 for a family.

For the balance still left uncovered, says Mr. Layton, nothing short of a "Keynes scheme" is necessary, since only by such means can the required limitation of civilian consumption and effective mobilization of now-latent resources be achieved.

FACED with an annual deficit of something like £2,000,000,000 will the British Treasury remember the Mr. Keynes who drafted, early in the war, a complete plan for financing it? Mr. Keynes's more recent utterances, since he became associated with the panel of economic advisors to the Government, have seemed less objective. He no longer talks such plain language. But this figure of two billion pounds does. It is an insistence on the Chancellor of the Exchequer to do something effective, something novel. For this is the measure of the immediate "inflation potential," and its implications need no underlining.

Just what can the Chancellor do? The gap which is threatening between national income and national expenditure is rather more than the total likely to be raised by the present taxes. Indeed, they cannot be expected to yield more than £1,700 million, and it will be something of an achievement if arrangements are made to secure an additional £300 million to bring the yield up to £2,000 million. Even then, there would be as much again to be covered by such devices as the realization of foreign assets, short-term borrowing, and so on.

The London *Economist* attracts attention to two ways of providing useful, if not by themselves budget-balancing, revenue. The first suggestion is a tax on services. Expenditures on services, apart from entertainments (which is already heavily taxed), rent, rates and taxes amounted to nearly £900 million in 1937. The bulk of it was accounted for by travel, domestic service, public utilities, hotels and restaurants. Some services, those of fundamental use, would clearly have to be exempted from any new tax. Medical services are a case in point. But a stiff tax on the rest should provide not less than £150,000,000 a year.

Middle Incomes

The second suggestion of the *Economist* is for new taxation plans to be applied to the middle incomes. The suggested range is from £250 a year for a single man to £800 for a family. Within this range, indirect duties do not fall so very hard; nor does income tax. A flat rate tax of, say, 2s. or 3s. in the £, with certain exemptions at the lower limit should provide another £150 millions a year.

So we get the £300 millions required to bring revenue to £2,000 millions. Here the *Economist* stops. Its two plans certainly deserve the closest attention, and it is plain from the evidence that the estimates of yields are by no means extravagant. But what of the larger issue? No resource of taxation should be left untried, but, clearly, no adjustments of the taxation system which do not fundamentally modify it can diminish by more than a fraction the awkward implications of the £2,000 million still, even assuming the adoption of the *Economist's* suggestions,

left uncovered.

For this major job nothing short of (though possibly something different from) a Keynes scheme is necessary. It is certainly true that every means available within the existing apparatus of taxation—that is, within the scope of present taxation thinking—must be fully explored. But if a concentration on such points is to mean a neglect of the broader planning which has now become essential then it would be better if they were forgotten. Complexity should not be the keynote of the coming budget.

As we have pointed out previously in this column, the proper way to view the budgetary problem is not as purely a financial question at all. Wars can be won on unbalanced Budgets and lost on balanced ones. The real problem facing Britain on the home economic front is to limit civil consumption, to achieve really complete economic mobilization, to release all available productive power for war purposes.

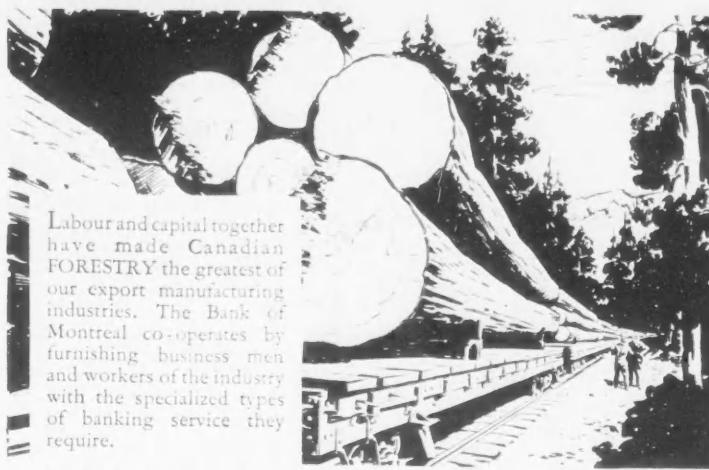
Check Inflation

Surely it is not beyond the ingenuity of the Treasury to devise some means whereby such restrictive measures are tied, not by implication, but directly, with measures to secure more revenue. It is in this context that the true value of the *Economist's* suggestion of a service tax becomes fully apparent. Such a plan could be developed and extended to embrace much more than the defined "services."

Finally, the urging of the need to hold inflation in check must cut out of serious reckoning a scheme which merely imposes financial penalties on unnecessary expenditure. Such penalties may be very strong and still far too much unessential buying may occur. Here compulsion is vitally necessary. And compulsion, not by the easy means of limiting supplies without reducing demand, but of fixing limits on individual expenditure. That is the right way to approach the budgetary problem.



In oft-bombed London, business moves are frequent. Here are some new addresses posted on traffic lights.



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Company Reports

BRITISH NORTHWESTERN

British Northwestern Fire Insurance Company is a Canadian company, with head office at Toronto. It operates under Dominion charter and registry, and has a deposit with the Government at Ottawa of \$196,000 for the exclusive protection of Canadian policyholders.

Its assets at the end of 1940 totalled \$1,260,861, as compared with \$1,162,168 at the end of the previous year. Its liabilities except capital amounted to \$371,199, showing a surplus as regards policyholders of \$889,661, as against \$853,419 at the end of 1939. As the paid up capital amounted to \$248,699, there was thus a net surplus of \$640,962 over capital, unearned premium reserve, general investment reserve, and all liabilities. At the end of 1939 the net surplus was \$604,720.

Its investments are well diversified, being distributed among the various classes of securities in the following proportions: Dominion securities, 5.06 per cent; Provincial securities, 12.25 per cent; municipal securities, 8.90 per cent; loan company debentures, 11.78 per cent; other debentures and debenture stocks, 37.00 per cent; preferred stocks and shares, 9.33 per cent; ordinary stocks and shares, 14.58 per cent; first mortgages, 1.10 per cent.

HARDWARE MUTUALS

TWO companies form the organization known as the Federated Hardware Mutuals—the Hardware Dealers Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Stevens Point, Wisconsin, incorporated in 1903, and the Minnesota Implement Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Owatonna, Minnesota, incorporated in 1904. They have been operating in this country since 1920 under Dominion registry, and have deposits with the Government at Ottawa for the exclusive protection of Canadian policyholders. Their Canadian head office is at Toronto.

At the end of 1940 their combined assets totalled \$15,897,818 while their combined liabilities except the guaranty fund amounted to \$10,730,502, showing a surplus as regards policyholders of \$5,149,316. As the guaranty fund amounted to \$400,000, there was thus a net surplus of \$4,749,316 over guaranty fund, unearned premiums reserve, con-

gency reserve, reserve for policyholders' dividends, and all liabilities.

Since organization their net premiums have totalled \$143,229,460, their net losses paid, \$45,134,697, and the net dividends paid policyholders, \$51,665,927.

COMMERCE MUTUAL

INCORPORATED in 1907, the Commerce Mutual Fire Insurance Company, with head office at St. Hyacinthe, Que., operates under Dominion charter and registry, and has a deposit of \$1,058,663 with the Government at Ottawa for the protection of Canadian policyholders exclusively.

At December 31, 1940, its total assets were \$2,501,197, as compared with \$2,222,279 at the end of the previous year. Its surplus as regards policyholders amounted to \$2,066,554, as compared with \$1,932,196 at the end of 1939. Its net surplus over capital, unearned premium reserve, reserve for dividends to policyholders, and all liabilities, was \$1,855,629, as compared with \$1,769,696 at the end of 1939.

Its total income in 1940 amounted to \$1,095,450, and its insurance in force at the end of the year totalled \$88,102,444.

UNION FIRE

ESTABLISHED in 1828, the Union Fire, Accident and General Insurance Company of Paris, France, has been operating in Canada under Dominion registry since 1911. It is regularly licensed in this country, with Canadian head office at Montreal, and has a deposit with the Government at Ottawa of \$608,833 in high grade Canadian securities for the exclusive protection of Canadian policyholders. Its Government deposit is \$172,556 in excess of the statutory requirements, and its Canadian policyholders are accordingly well protected.

At the end of 1940 its total assets in Canada were \$736,087, while its total liabilities in this country amounted to \$374,302, showing an excess of assets in Canada over liabilities in Canada of \$361,785. Its reinsurances of business above the net amount retained by itself are effected with a group of four strong companies—two Canadian and two American—regularly registered at Ottawa for the transaction of business in Canada.

News of the Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

PRODUCTION of gold in Canada is showing signs of having about reached its peak. There are indications that the politicians have finally succeeded in stemming the rising tide of output. Men who have spent their lives in close and intimate association with the mining industry and who have repeatedly warned the government against ill-advised tax measures, and also against security regulations, have failed to impress the politicians, to the end that gold production in February, 1941, was lower than for February a year ago.

Upper Canada Gold Mines may double its mill capacity. Limited water supply prevented earlier action, but a solution has been found through permission to draw a maximum of 400 gallons per minute from Crystal Lake. The plant is now operating at 200 tons daily. No official date has been set for the mill increase, but this should be well under way within the next three months.

The Ontario Prospectors and Developers Association held an executive meeting and passed a resolution which states in part: "Just how far it will be necessary to revise the Securities Regulations in Ontario to revive prospecting and mine exploration is a question. Confidence of those who participate in such ventures has been so badly hurt that what might have helped last year

would be useless today. Those who have been in the habit of financing prospecting ventures feel that Security Regulations have made that business unprofitable. The regulations themselves may not be entirely responsible for this; fear of more regulations has been even more damaging."

The truth is that the Ontario Prospectors and Developers Association is itself losing the confidence of some of those who pinned early hopes on that organization. There is already sufficient evidence to disclose the futility of pinning roses to a thorn tree, yet the organization of Prospectors still talks about revisions to an Act that really should be abolished. An Act which intimidates the venturesome pioneer in mining enterprise has no place in the machinery designed to bring about the development of the mineral resources of Canada. The mining industry is being forced to wallow through man-made shoals, the prospector cast adrift, the orphan of the storm.

Perron Gold Mines produced \$1,897,701 during 1940 compared with \$1,474,188 in 1939. The ore increased in grade from \$11.08 per ton in 1939 to \$13.46 per ton in 1940. Net profits for the year were \$564,076 compared with \$476,135 in the preceding year. The mill handled an average of 385 tons of ore daily.



Package contains seeds, directions, picture of plant



A few of the many varieties of seeds packaged yearly

SEED CATALOGUE

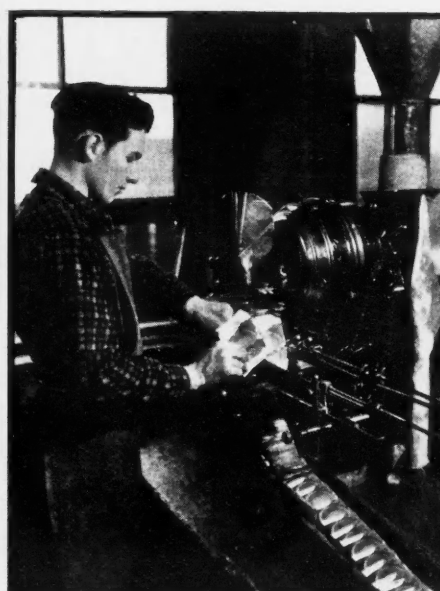
TO THOUSANDS of Canadians from the Atlantic to the Pacific and as far north as Aklavik on the Arctic Ocean, the most interesting piece of literature in the world has just been mailed.

It is the annual flower and vegetable catalogue from their favorite seed companies.

Here in these pictures are some facts which, probably, few gardeners know about the make-up of their seed catalogue: that from September on, grading and packaging for the next season's seeds are in progress; that the germinating power of each variety of seed is given a careful laboratory test by artificially testing its growth through heat and moisture; that one machine weighs the seed, puts it in the envelopes and seals the flap automatically at the rate of 40,000 packages a day; that at \$250 an ounce petunia seeds are worth approximately 8 times their weight in gold and that at this price every package retailing at 40 cents must be carefully weighed to keep a seed house in business; and that one company sends out over 10,000,000 packages of seeds every year.



Testing seeds' germinating power



One machine weighs, packages, seals



Petunia seeds cost \$250 an ounce



Grading and packaging of the next season's flower and vegetable seeds starts as early as September